
Beauty and the Beast

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BEAUTY and THE BEAST.

THE SYNOPSIS OF A SPECTACULAR EXTRAVAGANZA

In Two Acts and Ten Scenes,

By

WILL BRADLEY,

With Seven Songs

By

NIXON WATERMAN.

Music by

EDMUND SEVERN

And

WELLS R. HOSMER.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

| | |
|------------------|--|
| FIRST MERCHANT, | Meets with Reverses |
| SECOND MERCHANT, | In love with Beauty |
| THREE SISTERS, | Daughters of First Merchant. Grotesque |
| THREE LOVERS, | Lovers of Beauty. Grotesque |
| MAID, | Serving Beauty. Soubrette |
| SERVANT, | A gift to Beauty. Low Comedian |
| DEVIL. | |
| TOWN POLICE. | |
| GOOD FAIRY. | |
| TOWNSPEOPLE. | |
| IMPS OF HELL. | |
| BEAUTY, | Daughter of First Merchant |
| THE BEAST, | A beautiful Prince, under enchantment |

SONGS.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| WHEN LOVE GOES BLINDLY BY. | Music by Edmund Severn |
| BRING ME A ROSE. | Music by Edmund Severn |
| THE KEY TO HADES. | Music by Wells R. Hosmer |
| MELON SONG. | Music by Wells R. Hosmer |
| THE MASHER IS A VERY FUNNY THING. | Music by Wells R. Hosmer |
| THE ART OF BEING KIND. | |
| LOVE GOETH WHERE IT WILL. | |

THE WHOLE PICTURED WITH MANY
POSTER DRAWINGS.



Beauty

BRADLEY: HIS BOOK

Vol. I. AUGUST, 1896.

No. 4

A SONG OF HIGH SUMMER EUGENE R. WHITE



HERE'S a stir among the heart-strings like a bee within the clover—
Sound of blossoms bubbling over !
Chanting in melodious

rune

The orchestrated murmurs of a field advance at noon.

Catch the cadence from the corn-field,
catch the lilt that day is dancing,—
Pennoned Summer-hosts advancing
Led by August, ripe and riant ;
While the tiger-lily's trumpet sounds its
burning call defiant.

And adown through each life's garden,
through the aisles and through the arches
Jocund love, with laughing, marches.
Rich the rondure of her reign !
Fellowcraft of heart and harvest falls to
worship in her train !

UNIVERSAL LOVE OF ART AMONG THE JAPANESE *

R. VAN BERGEN

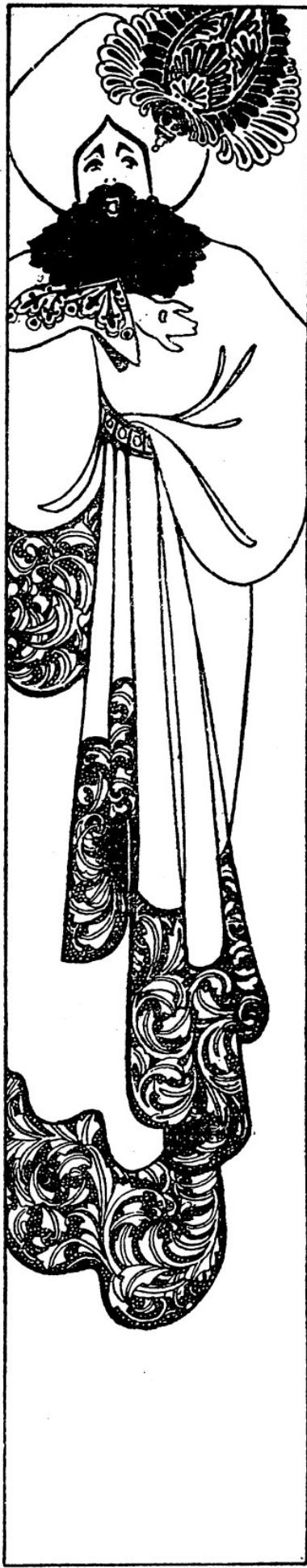
ID you ever read : *La Mare au Diable*? If so, you must have been struck with the painfully true pen picture of the unceasing toil of the French peasantry, and you must have asked of yourself the question : What is there in such a life to induce a human being to continue its existence?

This thought has often occupied me when passing the tillers of the soil engaged in their daily occupation in Japan. The sun has scarcely made its appearance on the eastern horizon, when the peasant and his family, females not excepted, issue forth to their tiny fields, where every inch of soil is made to yield to the utmost capacity. The kimono, (gown, used by

ACT I. SCENE I. A hill outside of the town—harbor and ships seen through the trees in the distance. * Enter townspeople singing dolefully.



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both sexes,) tucked in the obi or belt, they stand frequently over their knees in the slimy water used to irrigate or flood their rice fields, eradicating every little weed with deft fingers, transplanting the fragile green stalks with careful hands, knowing no fatigue, and even happy in their frugal, it might be truthfully said penurious, life.

If the French peasant has something to look forward to in the Sunday, or Saint's day, when labor ceases and the day, after Mass has been heard, is set apart to such recreation as is best fitted to recuperate, the rest of every seventh day is unknown to the laborer of Dai Nippon. But he has other means to make his hard lot bearable. The site of his house is always selected so as to afford the best view obtainable, and his love of the beauties of Nature is a rich compensation for his restless labor to supply the gross material wants. There is no country on earth that looks more like one garden arranged and directed by a master artist than Dai Nippon. The hedges are kept neatly trimmed and bright-colored flowers are made to bloom among their rich green foliage. The ditches, supplying the water necessary to nurture and mature his rice-crop, are covered with the magnificent lotus leaves, and the flower, true type of the calm repose gained after a toilful day, adds beauty to the landscape while covering the blotches made by the stagnant and muddy water.

The love of art is innate among the Japanese of all classes, and it is this love which makes a garden of Japan. Travel anywhere in the interior, and you will see that no toil has been spared to make nature subservient to their artistic impulse. Here is a rocky knoll useless for agriculture. But in every crack the seed of the hardy pine has been laid, and now the bare, ugly stones have been made to bear a beautiful copse, hiding a tiny shrine devoted to Inari, the harvest-god. Steps, rudely but picturesquely carved in these stones, lead to the torii or quaint entrance gate, where grotesque images of Kitsune (the fox) pro-

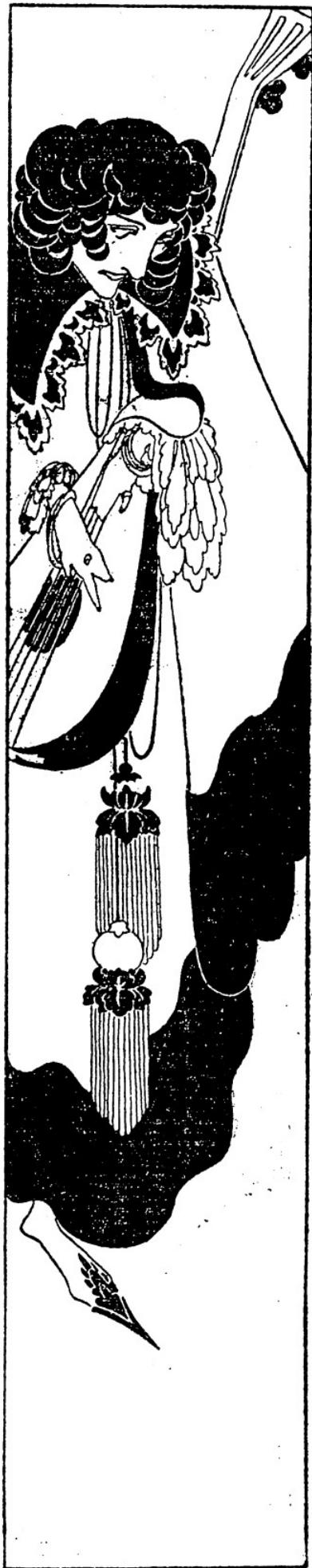
Enter Second Merchant demanding cause of their woe. * Song by towns-people in which is told the misfortunes of First Merchant—the loss of his ships, his home, etc. Second Merchant then tells of his love for Beauty, and how he is scorned. * Song, "When love goes blindly by."

pitiate the foe of the barn-yard. This is uniformly the fact throughout Japan: where the soil could not be rendered useful, it has been compelled to enhance the beauty, and the peasant finds his reward in the scenes that surround him.

The Japanese artisan dislikes to work for a foreigner, while the latter is almost always dissatisfied with his native workmen. Our mechanics work constantly during the hours of their shift; they are employed and paid to do a certain amount of work as fast as solidity will permit. His Japanese colleague will take his time. To him the work must be as perfect as his conception is able to imagine. He puts up a post in a house. In his eyes that post must have some appearance of rusticity, and he is not satisfied but some improvement may be made. So he stops work, takes out his tiny pipe and tobacco pouch, and calmly reflects upon what should be altered so as to produce his ideal. To the foreigner this appears a sad waste of time, but his Japanese employer does not consider it in that light. When he has decided, he will produce his tiny tools, make the to him necessary alterations, and proceed with his work. So long as he is granted the time to produce his ideal, he will work with loving care, exerting his utmost skill upon minutiae which the Japanese eye will perceive, appreciate, and love to dwell on, but which escape us, or seem frivolities, incompatible with what we consider the stern duties of life.

Give him all the time he requires, and the Japanese mechanic will devote his time, skill, and faithful toil upon what he has engaged to do; but he will not be hurried, and even if he does enter into stipulations as to time, they are more than likely to be disregarded. This is exasperating to us who consider time an identical part of the contract, but if the Japanese artisan is remonstrated with, he makes no attempt at an excuse, which to his mind is uncalled for. Shikataga nai, it could not be helped, is all the explanation he vouchsafes, and to him it is sufficient.

Enter Devil in the guise of a strolling musician. Apparently interested in tuning his instrument, he is yet an attentive listener to all that is being said.



"When Love goes Blindly By"

words
Hector Waternaux

music
Edmund Leavens

A handwritten musical score for a vocal piece. The score consists of ten staves of music, each with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The vocal line is in soprano range, accompanied by piano (indicated by a treble and bass staff) and cello (indicated by a single bass staff). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words underlined. The score includes dynamic markings like 'p' (piano), 'f' (forte), and 'cresc.' (crescendo), and performance instructions like 'colla voce'.

when love goes blindly by - ah, me! - A heart that bids him

stay, The skies are dark, The winds are mad, The fields are cold and

gray: And ev'-ry voice that would rejoice do but a

whispered sigh, And all - - the earth is shorn of mirth in when

Love goes blindly by.

colla voce

And what to me is all the wealth of roses and gold

gold, Since she I love, my heart a-bore, Is a strange go-

heart, and cold!
My balance fair, a dungeon
bare; Enchanted in gloom & cry Through grief dark night,
Hope and light, when love goes blindly by.
Far richer!
is the peasant who within his humble cot May from the cope of heaven
into The bliss that finds me not among the bustle dreams
creas.
rest mid pleasure deep and high, While all a lone
make my bosom And form, and love goes blind - by day.
diminuendo
PP



There is no home in the cities, however humble it may be, that does not give evidence of this innate love of nature and art. The poorest jinrikisha coolie has a yard,—it may not be more than a few square feet in extent,—but that yard has a tiny pond, perhaps as large as an ordinary wash basin, a grotto made of some common rocks artistically arranged, a little bridge of the same material, and one or two dwarfed trees. After his day's work is over and his bath taken, he will sit contentedly looking at these earthly possessions, all of which taken together represent a capital by no means equal to ten dollars. As the owner grows wealthier, so his garden plot increases in extent. Iwasaki, the representative and head of the Mitsui family, reputed to be the wealthiest man in Japan, has a garden on which he has spent large sums, and which is really a marvel of horticultural art.

Whether poor or rich, the house of the Japanese is almost devoid of furniture. The site, the garden surrounding it, the wood of which it is constructed, the most minute details in the preparation and harmony of execution, count most for him. The parlor or reception room is wholly bare of furniture, the only object besides the mats which attract the eye being the kakemono, or scroll, which is often of great value on account of its antiquity. There are no *objets de luxe* scattered broadcast; if he has any, which is not unfrequently the case, he keeps them under lock and key, only to be produced on special occasions and before appreciative visitors. But he will notice the points of excellence with a quick eye, and never tires of admiring them.

It is in the details of home life that his love of art appears. His means to satisfy the grosser wants of nature are frugal and inexpensive. His rice, bits of fish, with vegetables and soyu or sauce, all liberally washed down with tea, satisfy his appetite. But the tiny plates, bowls and cups are, and must be, adequate to his means. Above it all reigns supreme an exquisite

Enter Three Sisters displaying many beautiful gifts. Song in which is told how they have appropriated the gifts intended for Beauty.

cleanliness ; the chop sticks, taking the place of our knives and forks, must be new, and to show that they have never been used, they are brought in before they are wholly split.

There are two occasions in the year when the Japanese of all classes, rich or poor, are apt to take a holiday. It is in the early Spring, when the cherry and plum trees are in blossom, or in the Fall, when the maple leaf begins to color. In both seasons the parks are thronged with picnic parties, and young and old rejoice in the beauties of nature. Poets delight in celebrating the variegated colors, and allow their fancy to run riot in exalting the loveliness of their beloved country.

It is impossible to deny that this inborn love of art and beauty exerts a most potent influence upon refinement as seen in the universal politeness of the Japanese. It is true that to us this civility is mere skin deep ; that it is superficial and must not be confounded with the hearty good-will which people of our race are apt to evince when moved by a friendly spirit. But it does enable the poorest of the Japanese toilers to endure his lot with equanimity if not with complacency ; and it induces the rich to continue a life of frugality, offenseless to his less favored brethren. Above all, it encourages the individual to exert himself to the utmost in reaching the ideal which he has been able to conceive, and thus tends to a progress beneficial to the whole.

WITH SOME BIRTHDAY ROSES DROCH

If I were not a speechless flower
I'd like to talk with you an hour
And whisper many pretty things
That thinking of your birthday brings.
(For flowers can dream of happiness
While you their velvet petals press !)
But I can't talk—I know a man
Who often vainly thinks he can—
And what he wanted me to do
Was simply to look fair to you
And wish you joy—and then surprise
The gentle look in your dear eyes.

Enter Three Lovers. Song in which
is told how The Three Sisters have
appropriated the gifts sent to Beauty
—Chorus and dance—Three Sisters
and Three Lovers.









MERE MICHEAUX & BY FREDERIC WRIGHT



MERE MICHEAUX lived down in French Quarter near Houston Street. As she had seen seventy-five years of life go by her, she was not pretty. Her chin nearly met her nose and she mumbled her words. Her hair, what there was of it, was yellowish grey, and hung over her eyes. Her hands were claw-like, but they served for her vocation—which was sorting rags. She worked in a dark cellar on Sullivan Street, in company with two other old women and a “boss.”

Once on a time Mere Micheaux had been “La Petite Micheaux,” a grisette of the Quartier Latin. This the dwellers in the neighborhood did not know. They considered her a disagreeable old woman, with a fine command of indecent language.

Mere Micheaux lived in a back garret, up a dirty court, in company with a starved looking cat. However, Mere Micheaux gave her half her own food, and never beat her even when she was very drunk.

Mere Micheaux was the terror of children, who considered her a witch, yet if it had not been for her, little Clairette would have starved to death. When Clairette’s mother died, the child, with the instinct of the wounded animal, would have hidden away. But Mere Micheaux took her to the dingy garret and gave her of her crusts.

There was less for the cat and herself, but by curtailing the drinking, the three managed to get along.

When Winter came, Mere Micheaux piled all the rags in the room on Clairette.

She shivered herself to sleep every night, and her cough and rheumatism were not the better for it.

Then came Pneumonia, the Dispensary Doctor, and finally, Death. She did not die in the odor of sanctity, but as she had lived. She reviled the Priest ‘till he fled, and with her last breath cursed God.

But her last look was for Clairette, who was sobbing beside the bed.

Enter Maid, skipping merrily in she announces the coming of Beauty, whom they all love. & Enter Beauty. The people scatter flowers at her feet —Song.

Enter numerous boxes, bundles, etc. Containing gifts for Beauty. These are opened and the contents are admired by townspeople,—when the last few boxes are reached, they re-

The neighbors say that she is damned,
but I hope she's not. It would be lonely
in Heaven for Clairette and the mangy
cat if she were.

HOPE.

Today would be a pauper were
It not that he may borrow
From one who can all gifts confer,—
The Golden Prince, Tomorrow.

BALLADE OF UNFORTUNATES JOHN NORTHERN HILLARD

Brothers, who strive with the aching heart,
Battling with poverty, sorrow and care,
Dreaming strange dreams from life apart,
Seeking sweet fame or here or there,—
I give you greetings, and raise a prayer
To cheer you forth on the valiant quest,
Or ever the trail be rough or fair,
God grant that it may lead to rest.

Poverty chills Love's warmest heart,
Ambition will wither when singed with
care,
And few can follow the paths of Art
When they wind through leagues of poi-
soned air ;
And the poet who dreams in the garret
bare,
The teeth of the hunger-wolf at his breast,
For the sake of the song I raise my prayer,
God grant that it may lead to rest.

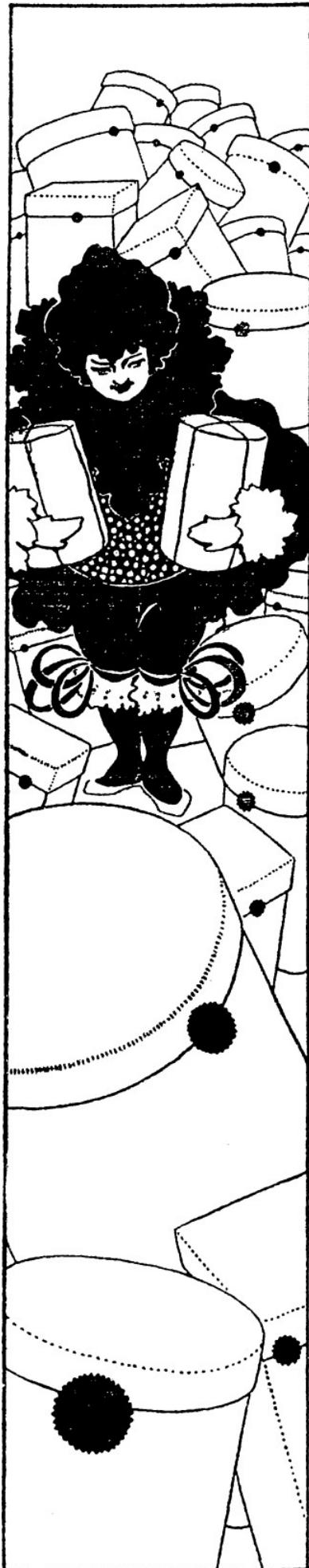
You who toil in the busy mart,
Blinded with lust of the golden glare,
Never heeding a broken heart,
But robbing here and cheating there,
With never a thought, much less a care,
For a struggling soul by your greed opprest,
Heed well my song and join my prayer,
God grant that it may lead to rest.

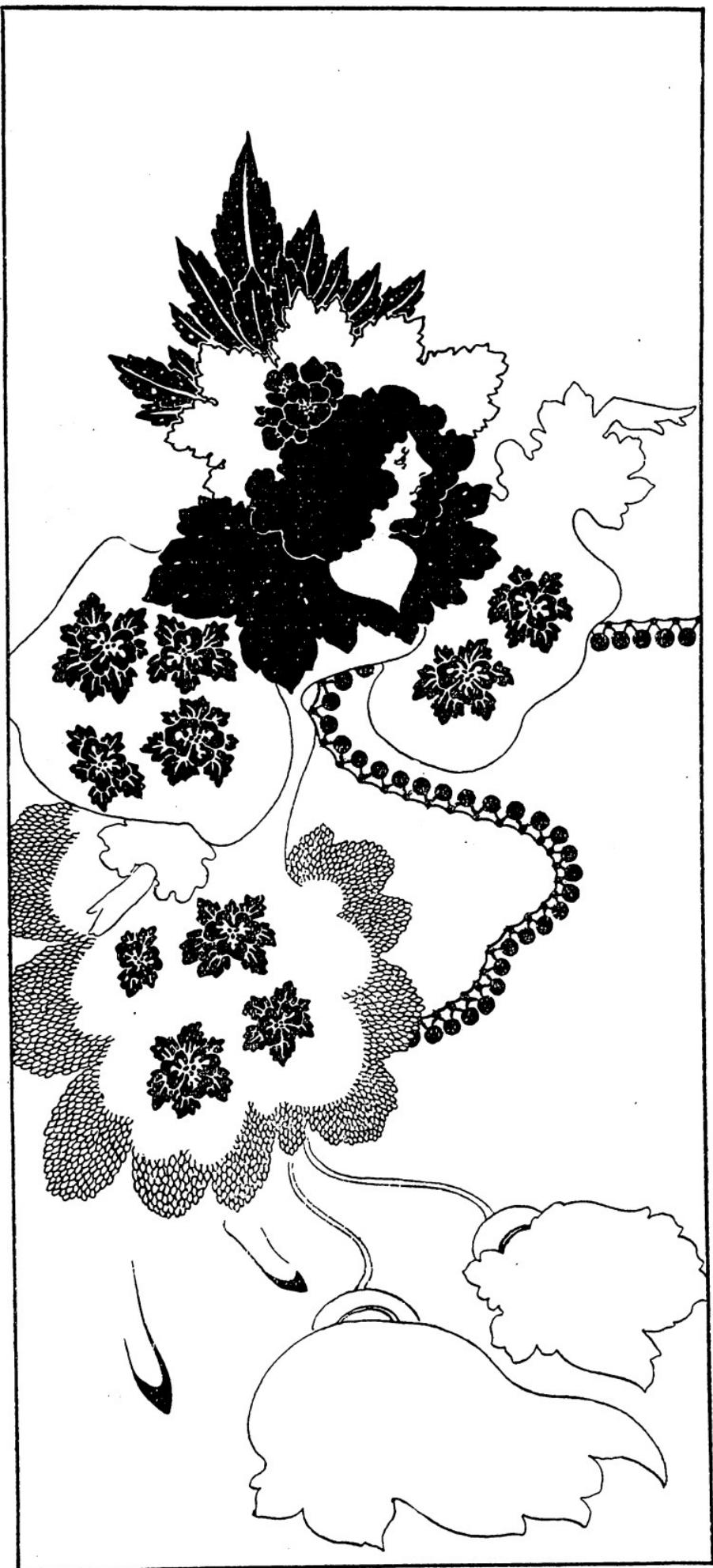
L'ENVOI.

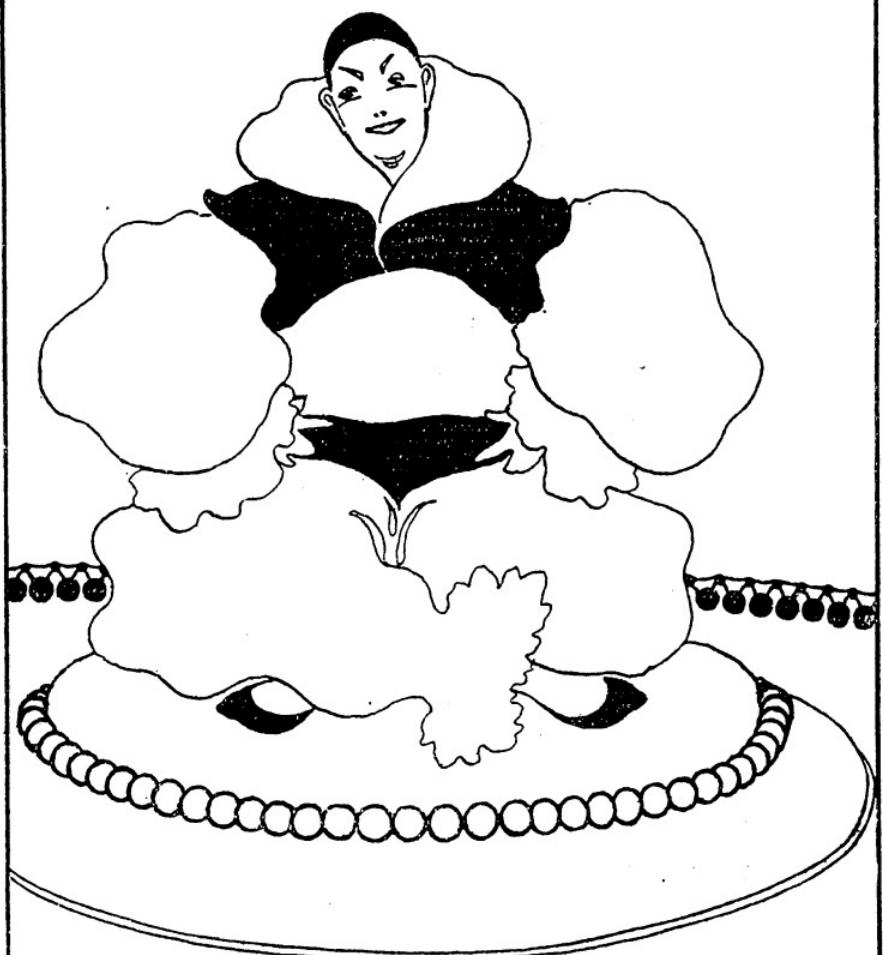
Prince, who knows how the fight may fare ?
The Sphinx's riddle may be a jest ;
Scorn not the dreamer, but join my prayer,
God grant that it may lead to rest.

veal as their carrier a miniature
darky. The largest parcel, an
elaborate casket, on being opened
by the maid, contains a servant for
Beauty.

Enter First Merchant. Announces
that he has purchased a farm and
will remove his family to same.
Exit Three Sisters and First Mer-
chant, followed by townspeople.









Beauty is mounted upon a horse, which is decked with flowers and led off by Three Lovers, followed by Maid and Servant. Devil then tells Second Merchant the story of the Beast and the Enchanted Forest. Advises him to send a message to First Merchant that the ships have arrived safe. Devil agrees to lead First Merchant astray in the En-

PHILISTINISM IN ART & ARTHUR HOEBER

HAT the mills of the gods of art grind slowly, may at once be admitted ; that they grind exceeding fine, is not so evident a proposition.

But in the changes of the past quarter-century, there is much food for thankfulness; there have been, here and there, modest blessings vouchsafed us, with occasional bright spots to illumine the darkness of ignorance, bad taste and prejudice, three wretched traits, so hopeless to combat, so difficult to overcome.

American notions of art grow with great deliberation. The national aesthetic brain works sluggishly. We are a progressive people in most things, save in the fine arts. Though even in this direction we make advances, there now and then comes a rude shock that makes one pause and ask seriously if ideas of good taste and artistic fitness have really penetrated to any depth.

The parks, the public squares of our cities and our national capitols, do not lack for examples of inefficient judgment in matters artistic, while the records are full of scandals, of jobs pushed through by favoritism, of orders to incompetent foreigners, or natives with influence, when, by a display of ordinary intelligence, the fate might have been averted.

An event such as the recent criminal disregard for the first principles of art, shown by the action of the committee of the Army of the Tennessee, in the matter of the Sherman statue, is enough to discourage the most hopeful optimist and set back the cause of art progress many years.

What shall be said, when the judgment of half a dozen of our best sculptors, fitted by training, study and experience to pass on the work, is ignored, and a number of military men, unable by all the laws of common sense to speak with equal intelligence on the subject, arrogate to themselves the privilege of selecting

chanted Forest and thus place him in the power of the Beast then Second Merchant can appear to the afflicted family and offer his heart and fortune to Beauty & Exit Second Merchant, Devil soliloquises—Song, “The Art of Being Kind.”
Enter Servant making love to Maid.



WHEN LOVE GOES BLINDLY BY.

When love goes blindly by—ah, me!—

A heart that bids him stay,
The skies are sad, the winds are mad,
The fields are cold and gray:
And every voice that would rejoice
Is but a whispered sigh,
And all the earth is shorn of mirth
When Love goes blindly by.

And what to me is all the wealth
Of rarest gems and gold,
Since she I love, my life above,
Is strange of heart, and cold!
My palace fair, a dungeon bare;
Enchained in gloom I cry
Through grief's dark night, for hope and light,
While Love goes blindly by.

Far richer is the peasant who
Within his humble cot,
May from the cup of being sup
The bliss that finds me not.
In one true breast his dreams may rest
'Mid pleasures deep and high,
While all alone I make my moan
And Love goes blindly by.

THE DEVIL TO HIS FRIENDS.

I come, the cunning Prince of Night,

To greet you face to face.

You dare not recognize me, quite,
In such a public place.

But on the sly you wink your eye
And serve my purpose well,
And but for you the souls were few
Who find their way to Hell.

You whisper many subtle things
Half-hid in terms of doubt,
Which Gossip takes upon her wings
And scatters all about.
When Scandal mars a life with scars
And paints her future black,
She comes to me, because, you see,
You will not take her back.

And so, but for the help of men
My kingdom would be small;
You rob me of my purpose when
You lift the ones who fall.
In human needs instead of creeds,
My overthrow you find;
I shall be spurned when you have learned
“The art of being kind.”

THE KEY TO HADES.

I possess the key to Hades, and, my gentle lords and ladies,
I intend to undertake a great reform ;
For the mortals bold and silly, I propose to make it chilly,
Or, in other words, I mean to make it warm.
All the trying ones who bore us shall no longer lord it o'er us
And the pleasure of our being sadly mar ;
For their hosts I'll widely scatter, and I'll send them—well, no matter,
If you miss them, can't you fancy where they are ?

Chorus.

If you miss them can't you fancy where they are ?
And rejoice to hear they're very, very far ;
For I'll now be busy stealing all who cause that tired feeling,
If you miss them can't you fancy where they are ?

There's the man who when the summer is a roasting, frying "hummer,"
By his questions sets our being in a stew ;
In the fiercest kind of fire I shall broil him and inquire,
"O, hello there ! Is it hot enough for you ?"
All the lovey-dovey cooers and the public garden wooers,
And the spooney pairs who "spark" while on the car ;
"Baby" girls without their mothers, and their ciggarette brothers—
If you miss them, can't you fancy where they are ?

There's the awful fiend who grinds me with his constant "That reminds me,"
And a story he has told me o'er and o'er ;
And another, half demented, who when I have just invented
Something new, declares he's heard it all before.
There are those who sigh to let me make a fortune, so they get me
Gilt-edged bargains which they sell to me at par,—
O, my gentle lords and ladies, I possess the key to Hades,
If you miss them, can't you fancy where they are ?

MELON SONG.

Oh, I told mah Honey, and she told me—
I leaned right close to her ear—
An' she hung her head, but what we said,
I aint a-gwine ter tell right here.
Steal along, steal along ; everybody feel along,
Melons jes' a-crackin' at de core ;
Lif' yer foot ez light ez de fox in de night
An' dey won't be a-crackin' any more.

Chorus.

Hush, hush ! De 'possum's in de 'simmon tree ;
Hush, hush ! De coon is in de corn :
De rabbit ain't a-peepin' an' de mockin' bird's a-sleepin',
An' we aint a-gwine home till de morn.

Oh, I love mah Honey, an' she loves me ;
She's got a pizen tickle in her eye.
She's fair an' sweet from head to feet,
An' we're gwine ter build a home bine-by.
Slip along, slip along ; everybody trip along,
Melons am a-lookin' mighty fine ;
We're gwine fer to feast till its light in de east,
An' we won't leave a melon on de vine.

Oh I kissed mah Honey an' she kissed me,—
Nobody lookin' fo' to tell,—
One, two, three, four,—yes, yes—lots more !
Fo' we both like the kisses mighty well.
Glide along, glide along ; everybody slide along ;
Bettah keep a-lookin' fo' a gun ;
When yo' hear me whistle low an' long, jes' so —(whistle)
Is at' warnin' 'at it's time fo' to run.



from the competitors the least worthy maker of a design that must stand for years as a monument to the committee's egotism and bad taste, a prominent, unsightly and inartistic example of the fatuity of our methods of bestowing commissions for public decoration?

It does not require a wide stretch of the imagination to conceive the howl of virtuous indignation that would go up from these sons of Mars, were a committee of architects appointed to inquire into the merits of a new invention in field pieces, or if a jury of sculptors should be designated to pass final judgment on a plan of sea-coast fortifications. And what would be the result, if the prerogatives of the Engineer Corps were invaded and a party of painters were called upon to render expert opinion in the matter of bridge construction? Obviously these conditions are no more absurd than that the discriminating estimate of practical, talented art workers should be ignored, where a statue is concerned.

The formation of the Society of American Artists some years ago, with a membership of young men full of talent and enthusiasm, had its effect in time on that older and more conservative body, the National Academy of Design. The veterans in the latter association were aroused from their lethargy, and beginning soon to realize that something must be done, gradually admitted within their circle some of the element that for years had passed by unnoticed. But the effort was sporadic after all. The bright men, with rare exceptions, have knocked in vain at the doors; and though there have been hung at the exhibitions modern departures, that would make some of the dead and gone members almost turn in their graves, and that doubtless send many a cold shiver down the backs of present N. A.'s, their authors remain without official endorsement. And to cap it all, at the last meeting of this body artistic, such was the extraordinary combination of prejudice and imbecility, though there

Devil also makes love to Maid. Servant becomes jealous of Devil—they fight—during scuffle Servant gets possession of a key which was suspended about neck of Devil. Maid calls for help.

were several vacancies for associates and members, and with no less distinguished an American than John Sargent waiting for recognition, only one painter received enough votes to admit him into this remarkable organization, misnamed "National."

Here then, are two incidents giving important evidence of the fact that the Philistine is still with us; and though he is so deep-rooted that we may never hope to quite exterminate him in our civilization, it is unfortunate that he should be so placed as to be capable of working much harm.

But the worst of it all is, that a certain class of public opinion is moulded by just such official acts. There is a great mass of the people, who, having no judgment of their own, go to what they suppose to be the fountain head for their information; and if they see a statue, bearing the official seal of the approval of the government, they straightway take it as gospel proof of excellence and are accordingly impressed. "This," they argue, "must be good, for have not the wise minds of a nation concurred in its erection?" So they fancy the protestations of a few sculptors are the jealous contumely of the disappointed, while for the unfortunates who are neglected in the matter of Academic honors, they have scant patience and less pity, and in the end, there arises a suspicion that the whole guild is composed, more or less, of cranks.

Thus the harm is wrought in many ways and the native worker, already handicapped by the absence of national pride among the connoisseurs, lack of appreciation and the technical difficulties of his profession, suffers more than ever.

For all this the remedy is somewhat difficult to prescribe. To begin with, however, a national committee of experts is an imperative necessity, where public commissions are concerned. Wise legislation, if such be possible, should provide for a board of men, fitted to make intelligent, unbiased selection, to discriminate

Enter squad of Town Police—Devil transforms his costume into one similar to that worn by Police. Servant is taken into custody by Police. Exit Singing.



The Key to Nada.

Hornbeam

Helen R. Stoenner.

me when you for - ey unless they are
pp. Poco - - - - -

Glorious little shower
of you are the cast you few - ey while they are

are re - joice to have daye re - ey me - ey far

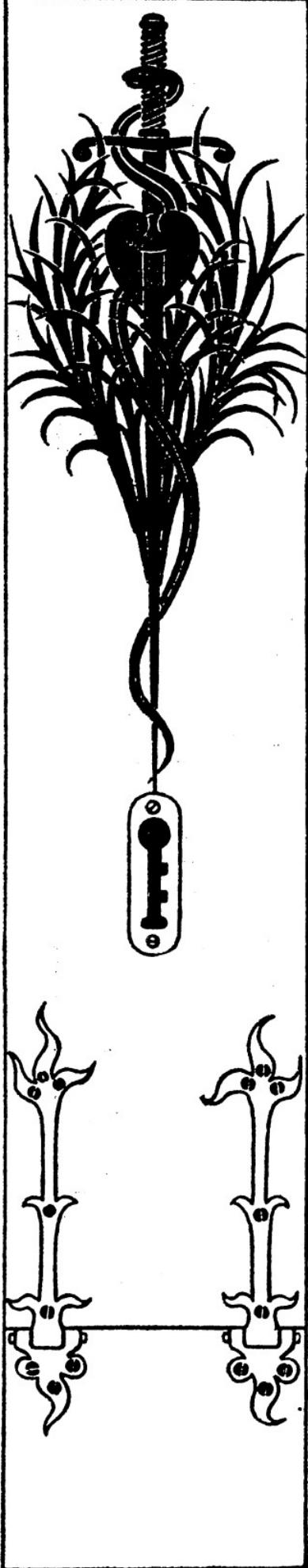
Be the man who bus - y stand - ing all who comes let them eat.
Molto Poco - - - - -

feeling of you are the cast you few - ey while they are.

Poco

Cantabile.

D.S.



in an enlightened manner, to the end that the government shall receive honest, artistic returns for money expended, and that our public places should thus cease to become the dumping grounds for aesthetic incompetency.

As to the National Academy, no man may say what shall be done there. The narrow methods, the utter indifference to progress and the selfishness of its policy, are beyond the pale of dispassionate criticism. Of course, since the world began, power has brought conservatism. Conservatism however that refuses the mild honor of full membership in its body to the most distinguished American painter of the last half of the nineteenth century, one who has been exalted by nearly every other governmental art body but his own, is so irremediable as to be hopeless.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

A Friend would have us own a thousand Friends, Nor seek a single star's bright glow to dim ; But Love for selfish mastery contends And bids us have no other love but him.

A VISION *& J. D. W.*



E had journeyed far to gaze upon the monument raised by a grateful people to commemorate the noble deeds of their hero.

Now, as he neared it in the dusk of evening, he paused to lift his eyes upward from the base of the hill on which it stood, to where its lofty column pierced the sky.

As he paused he heard the sound of many voices raised in angry discord, wrangling shouts and jeers filled the air, and he saw a brawling crowd assaulting their god!

It lay, a dreadful and monstrous creature in the similitude of a huge tortoise, upon a platform slightly raised above the earth at one side of the monument.

At first the stranger thought it but the representation of their god, carved in stone,

SCENE II. A wierd dungeon—continuation of song heard outside.
Enter Servant in dazed condition—
notices door, and with key attempts to open same.

and marveled at the skill of the sculptor who had given it so much the look of life. But regarding it more intently he perceived that it was indeed the god himself, and he shrank with horror as he marked what none else observed, that its hideous head with its evil eyes glancing from one to another of the assaulting myriads that surrounded it, gently oscillated to and fro.

And a great fear took possession of the stranger, and he stopped one who passed him in haste to join the throng and said, "Why do ye insult your god? Surely he will avenge it!"

"We are at ease," rejoined the other. "He has lain as thou seest him for many generations."

"And have ye then made him an occasion for mocking before this day?"

"Not so, for in former times the land was fruitful and the people happy; then we poured wine before him and garlanded his head with flowers. But now the fields are barren and we have nought to satisfy ourselves withal but curses."

"But have ye marked the meaning of his eyes? Surely he meditates revenge. See how he moves——"

But the other broke in, "I tell thee, thou fool, he has been ever thus. He is as impotent to move, as to help us in our need, therefore we spend our fury on him. Hinder me no longer. I have losses to avenge," and rushed away, leaving the stranger to watch as the people assaulted the god with an increasing fury.

The stranger feared to stay, yet dared not go lest the cruel glances of those evil eyes should take note of him, and he remained in his place watching that fearful head as it gently moved backward and forward like a slowly moving pendulum—and the crowd that jeered and mocked.

As he gazed, on a sudden the monstrous form of the god reared itself in air, blotting out the sky with its huge shape, and for one dreadful moment hung suspended, while a deathlike silence usurped the tumult.

Then with a terrible crash it fell upon

Door opens, revealing Imp.—Servant learns that he has the Key to Hell and power over the infernal regions. Song, "Key to Hell."—Servant decides to go to Hell.—Imp shows him the road, revealing a long black passage, at the end of which there burns a bright red light. Exit.



Niles Wattman

Melvin Song

Will R. Horner

Slowly and softly &c

Slowly and softly &c

Oh I told make hon-ey and

she told me I leaned right close to her ear an' she

bring her head low what we and I am a-goin' in all night

here. dead-a-long, dead-a-long, as long did-y feel a-long.

old as you're made in at the ear. If you put up life of a

go - de night. And day come be - a-ight - a-ight - a-

A handwritten musical score for a piece titled "La Vieille Danse". The score consists of six staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in common time.

The lyrics are written in French and appear in three staves:

- Staff 1: "Ah a-huh a-huh dé-pen-dre de la-mour-tue; ah a-huh a-huh de la-mour-tue"
- Staff 2: "Où ré-bi-les aïs a-pey-in en la-mour-tue dé-pen-dre, laï-ve"
- Staff 3: "é-é a-goin-bon till de moin."

Below the third staff, the words "Retour" and "Mélodie" are written. There are several dynamic markings throughout the score, including "f", "ff", "p", "pp", and "cresc.", and a tempo marking "Allegro".



the multitude, and the air was full of shrieks and cries! Again it reared itself aloft; again it fell, amidst groans and wild appeals for mercy!

When the stranger had a little recovered from the terror that beset him he unveiled his eyes and gazed about him.

Again the god lay stretched upon his resting place; the head no longer moved, the eyes were closed, repose had descended upon it, and where the throng had striven there was the silence of annihilation.

Then the stranger perceived himself to be alone—alone with the god—and he was overcome with an anguish of fear, and turned and fled into the darkness.

THE OLD LOVE.

CHARLES GOODRICH WHITING.

Search not my face with those sweet eyes

Which once were more than dear to me,
Lest their deep gaze should there surprise

Something I would not they should see.

Though time may quiet youth's quick blood

And silence all its memories,
'Tis but a touch, and lo ! the flood
Fills all the fevered arteries.

And in its surges leaps the love

That Time had slowly, sternly slain,
And pain that is all joy above
Returns to every pulse again.

So search no more my face, dear eyes,

Since this I would not have ye see,—
Thank God ! in your clear depths arise
No thoughts like these to hide from me.

THREE VIEWS & K. M. SHERMAN.

He sat all the morning and gazed at a maiden who stood far ahead and whose face gave promise of love and honor.

Afternoon came and she was gone, but behind and ever receding he saw a maid, grand beyond expression.

At evening a woman stood beside him and said, " Dream no more of my shadows, for morning, noon and night I am thine."

And he recognized that Future and Past are but the reflections of the Present.

SCENE III. The Melon Garden at the Farm.—Moonlight.—Dance of the Melon Elves.—Elves hide behind melons.

THE SOLVING OF A MYSTERY CLIFTON JOHNSON.

THREE'S a great many robbers and burglars around nowadays—you see something in the papers about 'em every day—and people say to me, "Why, I wouldn't stay alone here in the house the way you do, day and night, for anything!"

But livin' in a factory village like this there's neighbors plenty and I guess I could call out and make 'em hear if there was any trouble. Besides I'm not the kind that scares easy. "If you aint got anything to lose, you aint got anything to fear," I tell 'em. What have I got that a burglar wants? I aint got any silver in the house—not even a silver teaspoon, so I feel all right about burglars.

But I did get a fright the other night. I'd been sleepin' good that night till about five o'clock when I heard someone holler "Fire, Fire!" Sometimes I can't sleep anyway—I'm as wideawake as an owl. I don't know what ails me—I s'pose I don't work very hard and I don't need very much sleep.

Well, that night I snoozed right along till I heard that holler of "Fire," and there was a child, too, that was squallin' "Mamma, mamma, get up!" Then three or four would holler all in a heap. It was in this house snug up to mine next door where the Frenchmen live. Next thing I knew the young man there woke up and began to swear. He was putting in the biggest swear I ever see. He quieted down pretty soon, but from those first tunes you'd say he'd make a good captain of a pirate ship. With all this rumpus goin' on I thought I'd better roll out. So I crept to the window and had a look and everything was dark, and I thought, "Well, it aint burst out yet."

Still the racket went on and I went into the parlor and peeked out the window there and then I saw the fire in the cellar of that next house right tight under my

**Enter numerous little Darkies.—
"Melon Song."—Darkies try to
steal melons—melons open and
swallow Darkies.**



Nixon Waterman

A Market is a Very Tiring Thing
Helen P. Sherman

Allegro moderato.

M.F.

O the men are fu - ry - creat - ure, ev'ry type of you and fea - tur, with a

my.

many va - ri - ations of the mind,

as the

ers

ely and spott-y dark - as blon-de peo- ple call a mask - er, go -

- goes to see the wife - ev - lar bine

ers -

now they think a cle - er and gote, smotring with wan - der, or

- black you white day flesh, a dia - mons sing

But you

can't a - void a - thinking mid the work-ing and the blin-king, then the

ers -

Handwritten musical score for orchestra and choir. The score consists of six staves of music, each with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of common time (indicated by a 'C'). The vocal parts are written in soprano, alto, tenor, and bass clefs. The first staff features lyrics in parentheses: "mother is a re- of four- ing thing". The second staff begins with "Blow us" and continues with "mother is a re- of four- ing thing. It is full as the flowers of the sun". The third staff continues the lyrics: "thing. With his sighing and his crying, there is nothing more moving, than the". The fourth staff starts with "mother is a re- of four- ing thing". The fifth staff has a tempo marking of "Tempo". The sixth staff concludes with "Dance". Measure numbers 1 through 12 are present above the staves. The score includes dynamic markings such as "Rit.", "Presto", "mf", and "f". The vocal parts are labeled "Soprano", "Alto", "Tenor", and "Bass". The orchestra parts include "Violin I", "Violin II", "Cello", and "Double Bass". The score ends with "D.S." (Da Capo).



nose. The glass of the cellar window was all lighted up and you could hear the flames cracklin'.

I thought to myself, "Well, it'll go, and this too ;" but I was so struck with the performance that I sat there barefoot watching it.

Then it occurred to me that I'd better get my clothes and be ready to get out. So I trotted into the bedroom and when I come back into the parlor again I couldn't see no blaze, bus just white smoke pourin' out the cellar window ; and the people next door was sittin' there lookin' and talkin'. They're little critters, anyway, and they looked like a mess of young hopertoads. You'd thought so too, if you seen 'em. They had just got the fire out and there they stood with their pails in their hands and their bare feet and just their shirts and their pants on.

So I didn't get my things into the pillow-case and leave that time, but I couldn't sleep any more that night. The Frenchies' house was full of smoke and the floor over the cellar was so hot it scorched their feet to walk on it. Yes, we had a good scare but it did no harm to speak of.

Next day, of course, the fire inspector come round and he smoked a cigar and put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and talked with some of the men. Finally he got down on his knees and stuck his nose in through the cellar window and took a look. Then he got up and said the fire was a mystery and that was what the newspaper said. After the inspector said that he seemed to think he'd done his duty and he poked the ashes off the end of his cigar with his little finger and walked away up street, to draw his salary I s'pose.

The fire wasn't no mystery to me. Those Frenchies had a lot of kindling wood in the cellar and some straw that they were goin' to put under carpets. The boy there used to go in the cellar early in the morning after kindlings and he must have lit a match and dropped it in the straw—no mystery about that. Well the straw burnt and the wood burnt and

SCENE IV. : The Road beside the Farm. Enter Three Lovers, Three Sisters and Maid. Song, "The Masher is a Very Funny Thing." Enter Townspeople,—announce return of Ship. First Merchant prepares to go to city. Beauty asks for a present of one red rose.—Song, "Bring me a Rose." Merchant departs.—Ensemble.—Curtain.

some jars of pickles got too hot and busted, but it's noways likely the damage amounted to more'n three dollars.

That don't matter—what I think about is that inspector. He didn't use his brains—only just his mouth. What's the matter with a woman having such an office is what I want to know? and what's all this fuss about women's not being allowed to vote? Now I say there's lots of things a woman knows more about'n men, and there's lots of things where they've got more gumption. Put a man in office and he's like a rooster—always thinking about himself and strutting around and getting up on the fence and crowing. A woman's more likely to tend to business, I think. Anyway, in the why and wherefore of things going on around a house she'll find out more in five minutes than a man with a cigar can in a week.

I never thought much of women's voting before, but after I see the carryingson of that inspector I went up and paid my taxes and got my name put on the register to vote for school committee. We've got to have a little progress in this world—that's the way I think about it.

DUSK & FREDERIC F. SHERMAN.

The evening hour of love's brief happy day,

And where is She now while the last
sands run?

Her smile I welcomed with the rising sun,
Nor dreamed the dusk would find her far
away.

I, on the threshold in the last warm ray,
Remember how when morn had but begun
We stood together there. The dream
is done,

And in the shadow here alone I stay.

The world is quiet, and its quietness
Is in my mind where all thoughts come
and go

Unnoticed as the birds that fail to bless
This sad hour with a single song I know;
And hope within my heart grows less and
less

And dies out with the day's last golden
glow.

ACT 2. SCENE 1. The Enchanted Forest. Enter First Merchant on Horseback; tells of the failure of his trip.—Becomes lost in Forest. Every tree is of an ugly shape which laughs and grins at him. He travels on,—the scene changes and gradually becomes more pleasing, until he enters a beautiful Rose Garden,



Nippon Watermen.

Bring Me a Rose

Edmund Stevens

Cave Sainte

Bring me a rose, a fair red rose, To wear upon my breast;

Of all good things the summer brings The red rose cometh best.

I know not why she glads my eye And makes my heart to stir

But at the shrine of crece gifts divine I brieve to wear - shis her.

She is not born among the joys that are of April

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The handwritten musical score consists of ten staves of music for orchestra and choir. The score includes dynamic markings, tempo changes, and expressive instructions. The lyrics are written in English, interspersed with musical notation. The score is divided into sections by vertical bar lines.

Section 1:

The lily's lips are pure as snow That
com - eth from a - bove; But O the heart wond'ry
for a part of joy that blends with love!

Section 2:

bring, Now in the May; for such as they are children
of the spring. But when the moon of golden June is
express.

Section 3:

rounded full and sweet. She brings the grace in form and face Of
womanhood. complete

Section 4:

Bring me a rose, or fair red rose to wear upon my breast.
 Of all good things the summer brings
 eric.
 the red rose seem - ith

beyond which can be seen the Castle of the Beast. Remembering his promise to Beauty, he plucks a rose. Enter Beast. Merchant to save his own life promises to send one of his daughters to the Beast. Exit Merchant in sorrow.

SCENE II. The Road to Hell—total darkness—Enter Servant and Imp—Servant has strange experiences with many and various reptiles.* A small red spark can now be seen, this enlarges and finally bursts, revealing the Entrance to Hell.

BRING ME A ROSE.

Bring me a rose, a fair red rose,
To wear upon my breast;
Of all good things the summer brings
The red rose seemeth best.
I know not why she glads my eye
And makes my heart to stir,
But at the shrine of gifts divine
I kneel to worship her.

She is not born among the joys
The tears of April bring,
Nor in the May, for such as they
Are children of the spring.
But when the noon of golden June
Is rounded full and sweet,
She brings the grace in form and face
Of womanhood complete.

The lily's lips are pure as snow
That cometh from above,
But O the heart would be a part
Of joys that blend with love.
Bring me a rose, a fair red rose,
To wear upon my breast;
Of all good things the summer brings
The red rose seemeth best.

THE MASHER IS A VERY FUNNY THING.

O the men are funny creatures, every type of form and features,
With as many variations of the mind;
But the sly and sporty dasher whom the people call a "masher"
Is the one I think the most peculiar kind.
Some with dress they think is clever and quite crushing will endeavor
To attract you, while they flash a diamond ring;
But you can't avoid a-thinking 'mid the winking and the blinking
That the masher is a very funny thing.

Chorus.

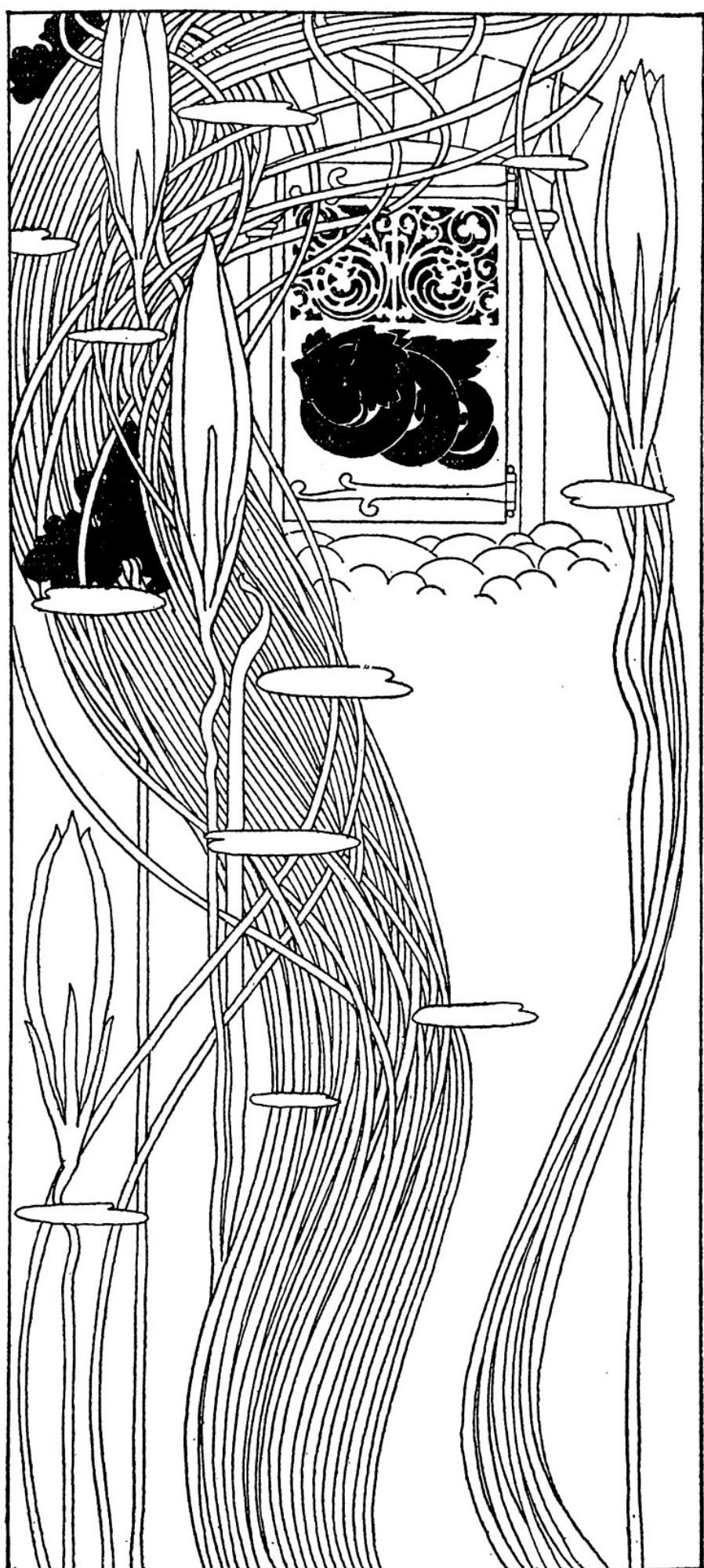
O the masher is a very funny thing,
He is fresher than the daisies of the spring;
With his sighing and his lying, there is really no denying
That the masher is a very funny thing.

Some will fearfully distress you as they study to impress you
With the grimaces they fancy may be smiles,
And although they're far from pretty, they awaken all your pity
As you watch them try to weave their cunning wiles.
Though they may be lean or fat or homely as a cow, no matter,
Each and every one imagines he's a king;
And you can't avoid a-thinking 'mid the winking and the blinking
That the masher is a very funny thing.

But, 'tis useless to dispute it, now and then there's one so "cute" it
Really seems as though we could not pass him by,
And our hearts becoming bolder, we may glance above our shoulder
With the shadow of a twinkle in the eye.
And we know but for our smiling they would cease their strange beguiling,
It is that that keeps them ever on the wing;
But I can't avoid a-thinking, 'mid the winking and the blinking
That the masher is a very funny thing.



Entrance to Hell. At the bottom of a lake. Servant is now too frightened to go further, and at the suggestion of the Imp, enters the bud of a lily and starts back to earth.



BOOK REVIEWS & VANDER DATER



THE interesting venture of republishing in the original French an American edition of the Figaro-Salon, in a series of six paper-bound parts, which Boussod, Valadon et Cie. (the successors of Goupil) began three years ago, is continued this season without alteration of its essential features, except that the text of the present issue is entrusted to Philippe Gille.

This change of editor does not in fact make any difference, for the literary task assigned him is confined closely to the need of supplying explanatory notes rather than critical comment; the many plates both large and small which give a carefully selected review of the big and little Salon exhibitions therefore may be considered with little more than an occasional grateful recognition of the information the letter-press affords.

Thus regarded as a set of reproductions of paintings (a few sculptures are included) the high degree of merit which the French have reached in their typogravures is chiefly manifest; the minute excellences to which their processes of reproducing brush marks, inequalities in painted surfaces and of obtaining the more subtle effects of light, color, and atmosphere, attain, is noteworthy and increasingly so.

Though there remains yet the insurmountable lack of richness and delicacy which the wood-engraver's sensitive brain is able to transmit to us through his tool, which no machine can compass, the steady improvement of the reproductive process is one of the most striking features of the hour. It is an improvement that may be discovered by comparing one season's publications with its predecessor.

It is particularly gratifying to find that the most difficult of all the reproductive problems, that of copying in colors the various subtleties of pigments, is growing nearer to a solution. The Figaro gives a separate double-page color plate with each number of its set, and it is immediately observable that there is an advance over the work it gave us three years ago. It is an advance in the direction of harmony and gradation of tints.

One of the most successful plates of the present publication is that which represents Francois Lafou's realistic picture of the defense of Bazeilles in 1870; although the reds of the soldiers' uniforms are crude, and the foreground is too much flattened.

These faults are less conspicuous than they would have been two or three years ago, and in the management of the vaporous effects of the smoke, or of the broken tones in the stone work of the church, there is a marked improvement upon earlier color typogravures.

In another plate from Albert Lynch's rather commonplace "Manon Lescaut" an especial success is scored in the flesh tints which actually seem to show the faded palette that Lynch effects.

It is evident that the effort to produce harmony

SCENE III. Lily Pond at Farm—Second Merchant discovered making love to Beauty, is scorned and makes threats. Enter Maid, Three Sisters, and Three Lovers. Enter First Merchant, presents rose to Beauty—Beauty offers to go to the Beast, exit Beauty and First Merchant. Enter Devil searching for Key. Great sorrow over loss of Beauty.



in the color print tends somewhat towards monotony, but the compensatory gain in color values is enough to more than overbalance the defect, and the promise of a further degree of excellence in the future of color painting is to be found in this country as well as in France itself.

In the region of black and white illustrations in this volume one of the most felicitous examples will be found in the impressive winter landscape by Emile Maillard, "La Maison du Mort," where the sad little procession which bears the drowned sailor to his home through the drifting snow under the dark low-hanging sky is full of poetic feeling; another good thing as a reproduction, if highly unpleasant as a picture, is by Tattegrain.

La Bouche's "Inutiles" is apparently pitched on a high key, though reaching neither end of the scale, for there is no absolute white even in the fading line of snow-clad river banks which form the horizon, nor is a positive black to be found among the famine-stricken peasants on the chateau ramparts in the foreground.

There is also a Mesdag more dramatic in character than is his wont, which deserves mention as a process plate, and a beautiful sky effect is hinted in the copy of Cazin's "La Plateau de Plessis-Piquet."

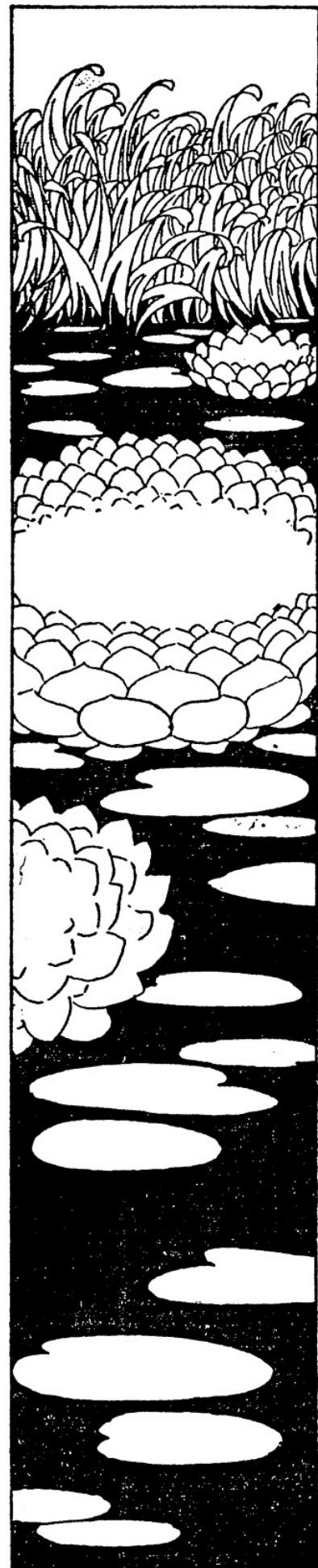
It is curious to note in looking through these Salon pictures the unconscious criticism upon a painter's sense of color values these black and white reproductions display. For instance, Chelminski's doubtless brilliant cavalry march in his "Campagne d' Espagne 1808," where the sense of perspective is quite lost in the repetition from one end to the other of the same notes of black; even more mortifying is the opposite plate by Debat-Pousan in his altogether meaningless subject, "La Visite au Sculpteur."

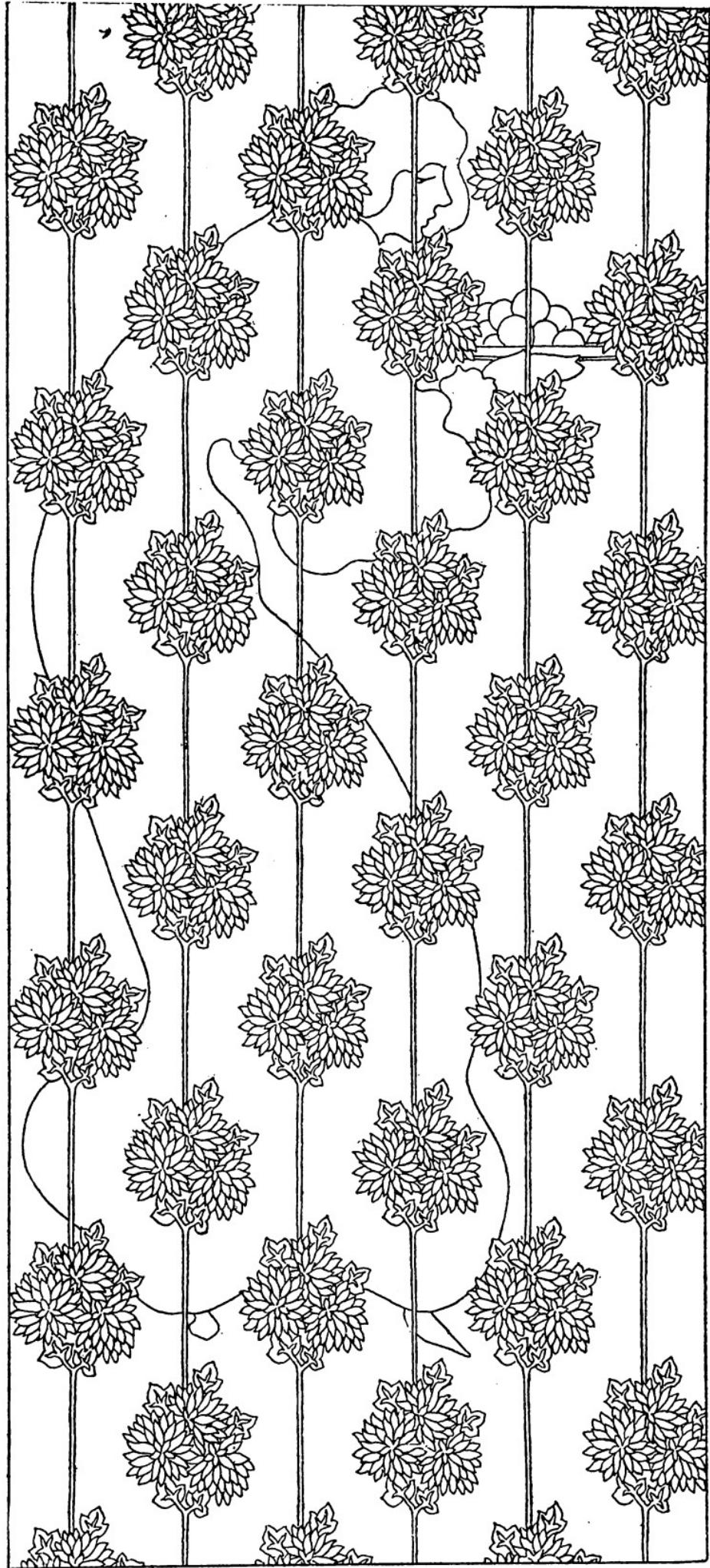
The new school, it must be said, reproduce well in this regard, and some of the most interesting pages of Figaro bear their names. The agitated touch of De Vuillefroy, the dazzling sunlight effects of Guignard, the blurred outlines of Zorn (who contributes a portrait of himself dressed in a painter's blouse, with an extraordinary and very disagreeable creature in the background that one's reason guesses may represent the mirrored reflection of a model seated somewhere behind him), and the challenging methods of Albert Besnard, are all to be found in the collection.

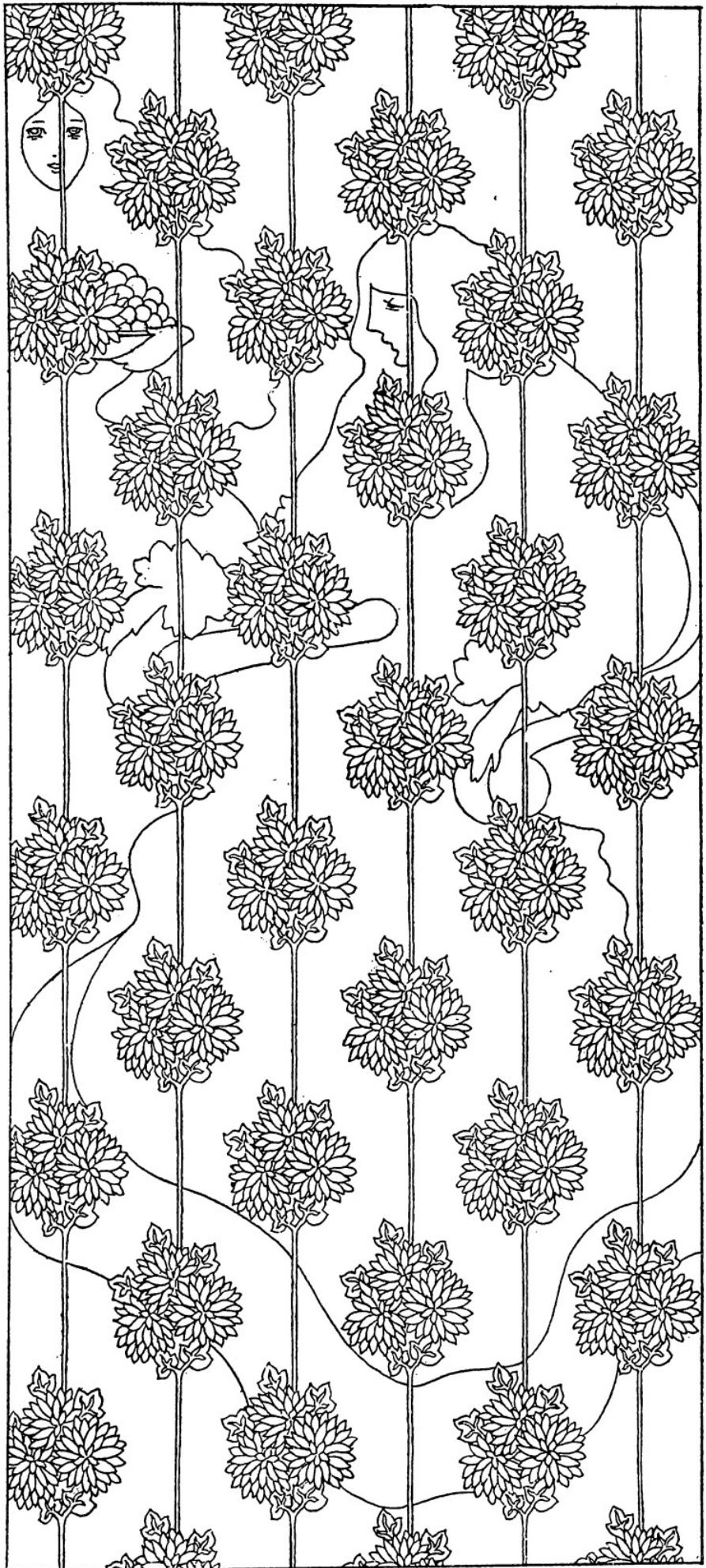
Besnard chooses to ignore the traditions, like all the rest of the reactionists, but in his own way, and that is distinctly a new way, for his study of women bathing under a cascade at the mouth of a cavern as seen from within, looking out to the sunshine which glitters through the falling water, is a bold and unusual theme; it is especially well reproduced, and so is the sparkle of Raffaelli's patchlike view of Notre Dame, and the dry touch of the pastel portrait of the dancer, Colin-Maillard, poised on one foot, her tulle skirts whirling as she eludes the pursuit of Pierrot, which is by Carrier-Belleuse.

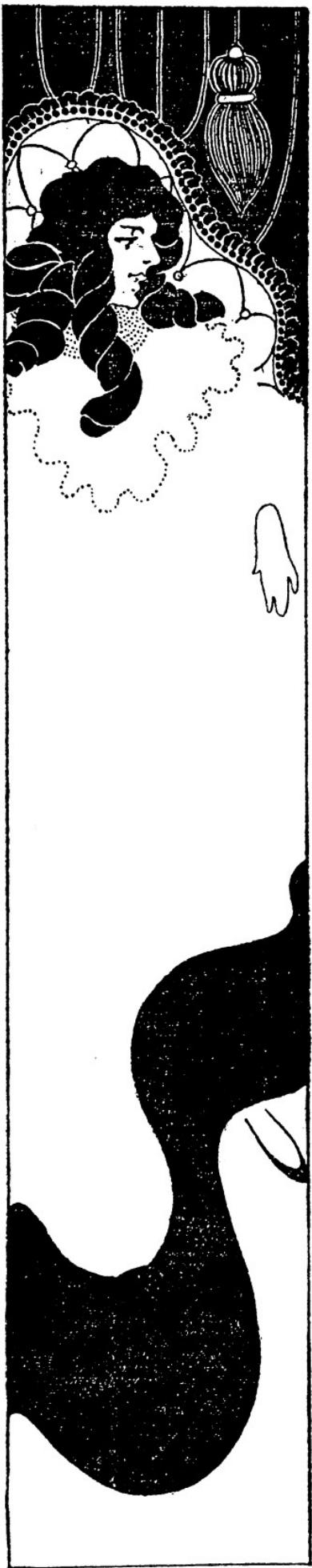
Scattered amidst the text occur many small plates.

In the center of the pond there appears a beautiful lily, it unfolds its petals, revealing the Servant who steps out and wades ashore. Waving his key, he produces a vision of Beauty being waited on by beautiful girls, explains the magic of Key, and proposes they all follow Beauty. *Devil discovers possessor of Key.









Of these one by Moreau-de-Tours arrests attention because of a certain unconventionality of idea which belongs to its subject and its presentation; it is no more than a group of amateur musicians joining in a chorus, while the soloist leans against the piano waiting her turn; it is broadly painted and as simply as possible, but there is an unconsciousness of pose about the woman who plays the accompaniment as she strikes a full chord, and in the absorbed look of the child who has lowered her violin, that appeals to the imagination as do few of the more pretentious plates.

The style of the Figaro-Salon is to be commended for its clear type and good paper; most of the plates are produced upon the plain white surface, but an occasional one is printed upon a yellowish tint.

It is unfortunate that there should be a return this year to the variegated wrappers of the first series. The set for 1895 was agreeable to the eye in pale gray covers, the entire six being arranged alike, but the present series is again gorgeous in Joseph's coats of strong blue and orange and pink.



THE new edition of "The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M. A., F. R. S., Clerk of the Acts and Secretary to the Admiralty," transcribed from the shorthand MS. by the Rev. Mynors Bright, with Lord Braybrooke's notes, and edited with additions by Henry B. Wheatley, whose eight volumes have appeared at irregular intervals during the last four years, is practically ended, the remaining ninth volume containing only such additions as are calculated to mitigate the sorrow of the friends of Mr. Pepys, who would gladly have had him continue his journal.

It is included in the improved Bohn Library, and comes from Macmillan's publishing house as an excellent example of honest, unpretending, substantial book-making. The paper used is of good quality and pleasant tint, the print clear and bright, the binding a dull blue cloth, very pleasant to the eye; and, to turn from the purely mechanical side of the edition to the more artistic, the portraits, that amount, in the various volumes, to a gallery, are finely etched and invaluable as illustrating the times and people of note among whom Pepys grew to be great also. Besides the portraits are views of various apartments in which Pepys lived, his house in Brampton, etc. The preface and biographical sketch is even more copious and full of information than that in the former edition of Mynors Bright, good as that was, and it seems as if the most exacting could require nothing more than is here offered.

In this incomparable diary the public, whether desiring entertainment in the naive self-revealings of the private character of the writer, or information, in his record of the history of the early part of Charles II's reign; who may wish to become acquainted with art in the drama and songs of the day, or, lacking in interest in such matters, are curious with regard to the dress and fashion of the

SCENE IV. Palace of the Beast—

time and the viands on which the diarist fed with so much gusto, cannot fail in their search.

In view of the fact that the fear of blindness which caused Mr. Secretary Pepys to give over the keeping of his diary at the early age of thirty-six, never was realized, the reader is almost driven to conjecture that on a hitherto unexplored shelf in some library there must be further volumes of delightful gossip, only waiting to be found.

More fully than almost any man was Pepys acquainted with his own nature; he acknowledges with perfect frankness, in the safe secrecy of his cipher, what he had done amiss, and when he had broken his vows; for under vows as to the drinking of wine, to which he knew himself to be too much addicted, and the wasting of his always valuable time in attending plays and practising his music, Pepys lived the greater part of the ten years of his life (between 1660 and 1670) of which we have the record.

It was his usual practice, having written down a solemn vow, the text of which he does not give, to read this over on the Lord's day, being alone in his chamber, and bind himself anew with an oath to observe it, yet wishing not to be too strict with himself, setting limits to the time during which he should strictly hold to it, and also, in the matter of plays, not counting in the times when he was treated by friends. Therefore, when the embargo was off, Pepys indulged himself and his wife with a round of gayeties up to the latest moment, and then sadly recording it, "fell to minding my business, but Lord to see what a mind I had to a play."

In truth Pepys had little to repent of in the way of sloth. He was habitually a hard worker, "rising betimes," as he says, at four in the morning, and out before light to inspect the workmen under him, to test a late purchase of flax or tar, or, suddenly appearing at the side of one of His Majesty's vessels to find out for himself whether the men were all on board or no, and the captain sober.

He learned, being, as he said, "a good husband to the King," "the whole mystery of off-square wherein the King is abused in the timber that he buys; the other mystery of the sliding square, with the use of which he was "mighty taken," and what seems droll, considering that he must have been a good man of business, learning arithmetic.

His struggles with the multiplication table, with which he "had a bout" the first thing in the morning and the last at night for many a day before he mastered it, are ludicrous to read of. Being desirous that his wife should profit also he set to work teaching her. "She and I all the afternoon, on the Lord's day, at arithmetique, and she is come to do Addition, Subtraction and Multificacion very well, and so I purpose not to trouble her with Division, but begin with the Globes to her now."

Over the trouble with his eyes, of which one reads the mention on almost every page, Pepys was "sadly tossed" in his mind as to whether it was brought on by too much devotion to business,

**Beast asks Beauty to marry him;
she refuses. Enter Maid, Sisters,
Lovers, Servant and Devil.**









sitting up late at night with his books, or drinking too much sack posset and "too many and too much wines." In spite of his resolutions he was often "sadly foxxed" and had to pay a fine of twenty shillings "according to my vow."

One side of Pepys' character, that of patron of arts and letters, has been curiously slighted by his commentators, and many details going to strengthen this aspect of this many-sided man left out in former editions, particularly matter relative to his passion for and study of music, probably because of his prominence as an official and man of affairs.

Pepys himself felt as vivid an interest in one thing as another; in the small as much as in the great. He evened the kitchen accounts with the same zest that inspired him when he composed "My great letter to the Duke of York," and rarely, not even in the perils of the Dutch invasion or visitation of the plague, went to bed without having piped, either singly or with his wife, on the flageolet.

He bought him a "chest of vials;" he played besides these on the flageolet, the theorbo, as well as the common lute, the triangle (one curious passage tells how Pepys "up to teach Ashwell [Mrs. Pepys' maid] the grounds of time and other things on the tryangle, and made her take out a Psalm very well, she having a good ear and hand."

He also played upon the flute to the admiration of his friends in the Navy Yard, and used to sit upon the leads or in the windows of his dining-room—the latter advantageously placed "so that I took much pleasure to have the neighbors come forth into the yard to hear me."

As late as 1670, after long debating the question of buying what he called a "harpsicon" and having been diverted from his purpose several times by being put out of humor through hearing the harpsicon vilely played, he at length after much hesitation between the charms of the harpsichord and "espinette," as he prefers to call the spinet, bought the latter, at a bargain too, giving but £5 for it.

He was rarely without an instrument of some kind at hand. Even in his first glorious sense of promotion, when the place was given him of "Secretary to the fleet" that was sent to fetch Charles II from Holland to his loving subjects, he remembered to take both flageolet and violin with him, and "all alone in my cabin, in a melancholy fit, playing on my violin," or in a happier frame of mind, trying a duo with W. Howe, his music was a great resource.

In July, 1660, Pepys in Whitehall Chapel "heard very good music, the first time that ever I remember to have heard the organ and singing men in surplices in my life," the fact being that during the Commonwealth, organs had been destroyed all over the country, and in 1660 were but just beginning to come into vogue, the King setting the example, and being no doubt a noble patron but poor paymaster,—Pepys recording in 1666 how "Many of the musique are ready to starve, they being behind-hand five years in their wages; nay, Evans, the

SCENE V. The Purple Hall of the Palace—The Beast prepares a grand entertainment in which there are many strange ballets, wonderful acrobatic feats, weird dances, and various grotesques.

famous man upon the Harp, having not his equal in the world, did the other day die from mere want and was fain to be buried at the almes of the parish."

Pepys was highly pleased with the company of composers, and meeting Lock and Purcell on the street would take them in to an inn where "we had variety of brave Italian and Spanish songs and a canon for eight voices which Mr. Lock hath lately made." Grown richer, he sometimes had a band of fiddlers to play for him and his friends; he crowded in to the Queen's chapel to listen to the choir, and always managed to hear the latest Italian singer.

An opportunity of this kind is thus described. There was "Signor Vicentio, who is the master-composer, and six more, and one woman very well dressed and handsome enough but would not be kissed. They sent two harpsicons before and by and by, they begun, and I confess, very good musique they made, that is, the composition exceeding good, but yet not at all more pleasing than I have heard in English. The woman sang well, but that which distinguishes all this is, that singing, the words are to be considered, and how they are fitted with the notes, and then the common accent of the country is to be known and understood of the hearer, or he will never be a good judge of the vocal musique of another country. So that I was not taken with this at all; neither understanding the first, nor by practice reconciled to the latter, so that their motions, and risings and fallings."

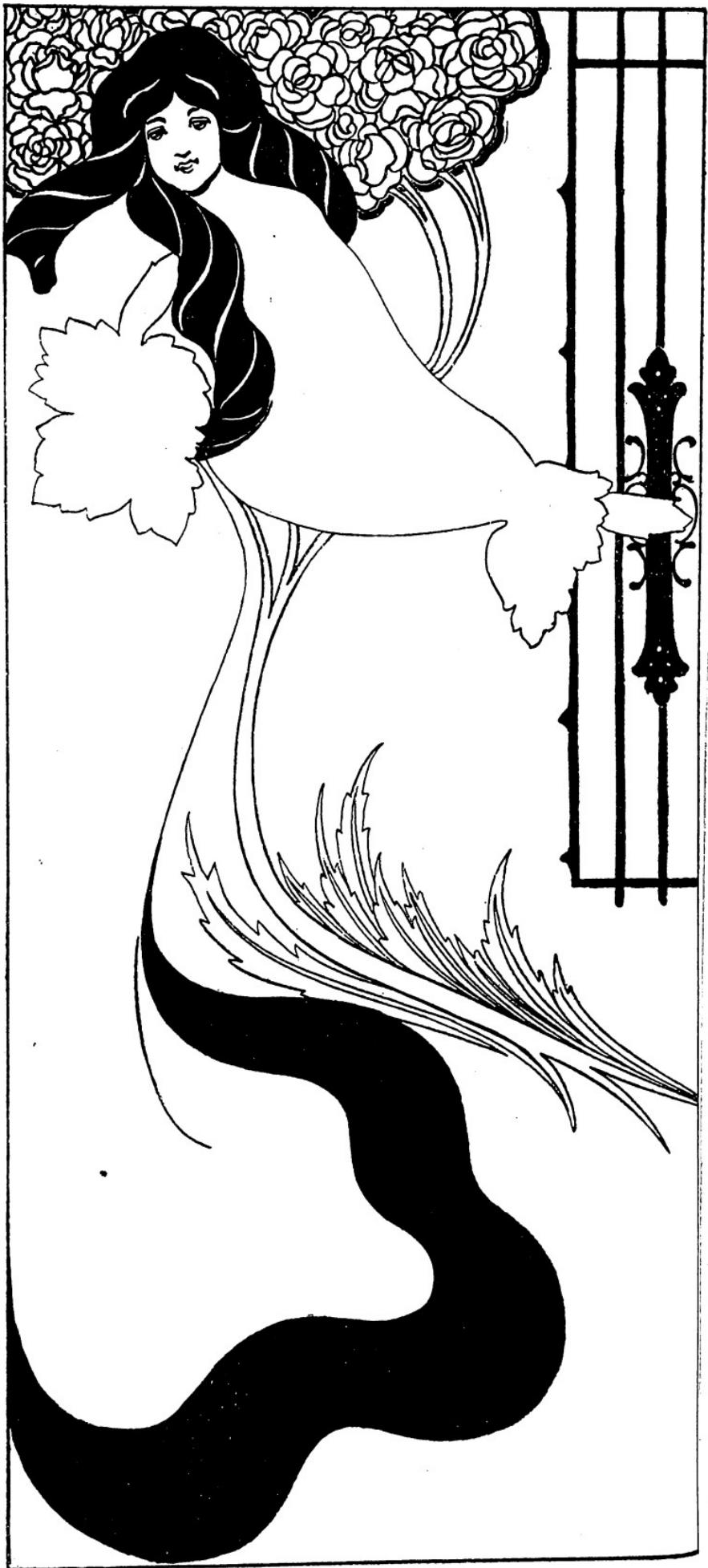
One fruitful cause of the many disagreements he had with his wife was the ardor with which he set to work to teach her maids both to sing and play, if they had any talent. Mrs. Pepys' jealousy had the final effect of causing her to demand that she have masters not only to teach her dancing, in which she delighted, but the flageolet and singing also. She came, through much practice, "to play the flageolet beyond what I thought any woman could do," on which there was more piping than ever, and in singing she advanced so far as to "do the trillo."

Mr. Pepys was no mean composer, and his songs, "Great good, and just," (the words by the Marquis of Montrose on the death of Charles I,) and "It is decreed," were "mighty cried up." Of another, "Beauty retire," Pepys remarks with complacency, that "Captain Downing who loves and understands music, extols above anything he ever heard." A facsimile of part of the score of this song is given in the fifth volume of this edition.

Although much of a courtier and ever ready to admire anything belonging to my Lord Sandwich, his noble patron and kinsman, it was honest appreciation of art that made Pepys "get leave to have his [Lord Sandwich's] picture copied that was done by Lilly,"—Peter Lely, not yet Knighted. Pepys bought other copies of portraits, notably those of "my dear Lady Castlemayne," after Lely; and had his own and his wife's portraits painted many times by Savill, Hales, Sir Peter Lely, whom he describes as a "mighty proud man and full of state,"

Enter Herald proclaiming death of Beast. Exit Beauty, hurriedly.



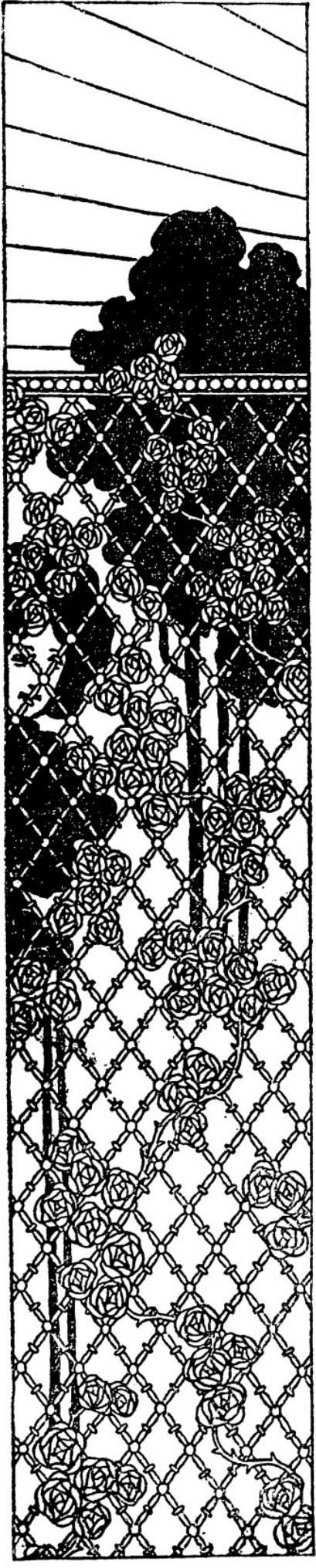


LOVE GOETH WHERE IT WILL.

Though strangely far its course may run,
The river finds the sea.
The flower grows to greet the sun,
And joy hath come to me.
O, long I turned my eyes away
For fairer forms, until
My heart hath taught my lips to say,
“Love goeth where it will.”

To all my dreams his star imparts
A grace, as from above,
Since deep within my heart of hearts
Hath bloomed the rose of love ;
He glads the way, and in his face,
And shining from his eyes,
I see a light I could not trace
Till Love had made me wise.

O Love ! thou alchemist whose touch
Hath changed to purest gold
This gift that glads me overmuch,—
The best the heart can hold.
Though strangely far its course may run,
The river finds the sea ;
The flower grows to greet the sun,
And joy hath come to me.



Sir Godfrey Kneller and Huysman. Etchings from all these portraits save those of Huysman and Savill serve as frontispieces in this edition.

Of that by Hale, painted in 1666 and now preserved in the National Portrait Gallery he writes; "Presently with my wife out to Hales, where I am still infinitely pleased with my wife's picture. I paid him £14 and 25s. for the frame, and I think it is not a whit too dear, for so good a picture. This day I begin to sit and he will make me I think a very fine picture. He promises it shall be as good as my wife's, and I sit to have it full of shadows and do almost break my neck looking over my shoulders to make the posture for him to work by."

He was cheered in his present choice of an artist by a few days later "having occasion to follow the Duke (of York) into his lodging, into a chamber where the Duchess was sitting to have her picture drawn by Lilly. But I was well pleased to see that there was nothing near so much resemblance of her face in the work which is now the second, if not the third time, as there was of my wife's the very first, nor do I think at last it will be like, the lines not being in proportion to those of her face."

"On another day he [Hale] and I resolved to go to Whitehall to spend an hour in the galleries there among the pictures, and we did go, to my great content, he showing me the differences between the paintings, and while my head and judgment was full of these I would go back again to his house and indeed though I think at first sight some differences do open, [Mr. Pepys certainly seems a trifle difficult to follow just here] yet very inconsiderable but that I may judge his to be very good pictures, and I am for his putting out the Landskipp, though he says it is very well done; yet I do judge it will be best without it and so it shall be put out and be made a plain sky like my wife's picture which is very noble."

Much mention is made of a miniature of Mrs. Pepys, who was accounted a beauty, painted by Cooper, no trace of which is now to be found, though evidently it was highly prized by Pepys, who says on its completion, "At Cooper's where I spent all the afternoon with my wife and girl, seeing him make an end to her picture, which he did to my great content, though not so great as, I confess, I expected, being not satisfied in the greatness of the resemblance, nor in the blue garment, but it is most certainly a most rare piece of work, as to the painting," and judging from the price more valuable than the Hale portrait, for Pepys adds, "He hath £30 for his work—and the chrystal and case and gold case comes to £8. 3s 4d, and which" says honest Mr. Pepys, "I sent him this night that I might be out of debt."

Included among the many interesting portraits of great people that adorn the various volumes of this fine edition of the Diary, in which are to be found presentations of Charles II, James (then Duke of York), Lord Sandwich, Viscount Brouncker, Sir William Penn, the father of the eminent Quaker, Lady Castlemayne, and others, painted by Kneller and

SCENE VI. The Rose Garden. The Dying Beast.—Song, "Love Goeth Where it Will."

Lely and other artists of note—is an engraving after a painting of Mrs. Pepys as St. Katherine, done by Lely, and a print of a curious, glazed stoneware bust of Mrs. Pepys by one John Dwight of Fulham. Mr. Pepys did not think very highly of Lely's abilities in general, for he says of the grand collection of court beauties now in Hampton Court, "I did see the Duke of York's room of pictures of some Maids of Honour; done by Lilly, good but not like."

Pepys had a mind to purchase works of art, as well as to add to his collection of portraits, when it could be done economically, and one day in 1668, when he had money to spend, going with Harris, an admired actor of the time, to Surgeons Hall "where they are building it new, very fine, and there to see their theatre which stood all the fire (the great fire of London) and which was our business, their great picture of Holbein's, thinking to have bought it for a little money. I did think to give £200, it being said to be worth £1000, but it is so spoiled I have no mind to it, and it is not a pleasant, though a good picture."

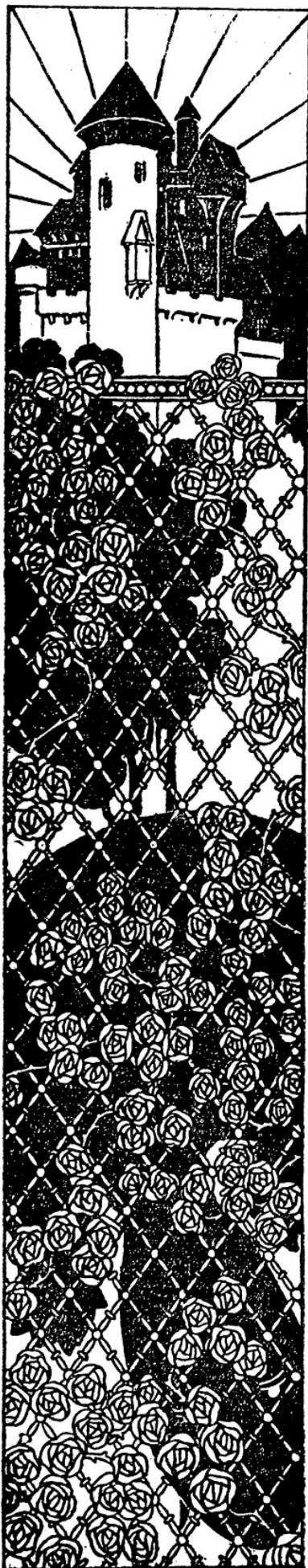
Perhaps to make up for this disappointment he presently enjoined Henry Dankers, a famous Dutch landscape painter engaged by Charles II to "paint views of his seaports and palaces," to "take measure of my panels in my dining-room, where in the four I intend to have the four houses of the King, White Hall, Hampton Court, Greenwich and Windsor." He also had sent over from France many prints from the work of Nanteuil (the famous engraver) and others "of the King, Colbert and others most excellent to my great content."

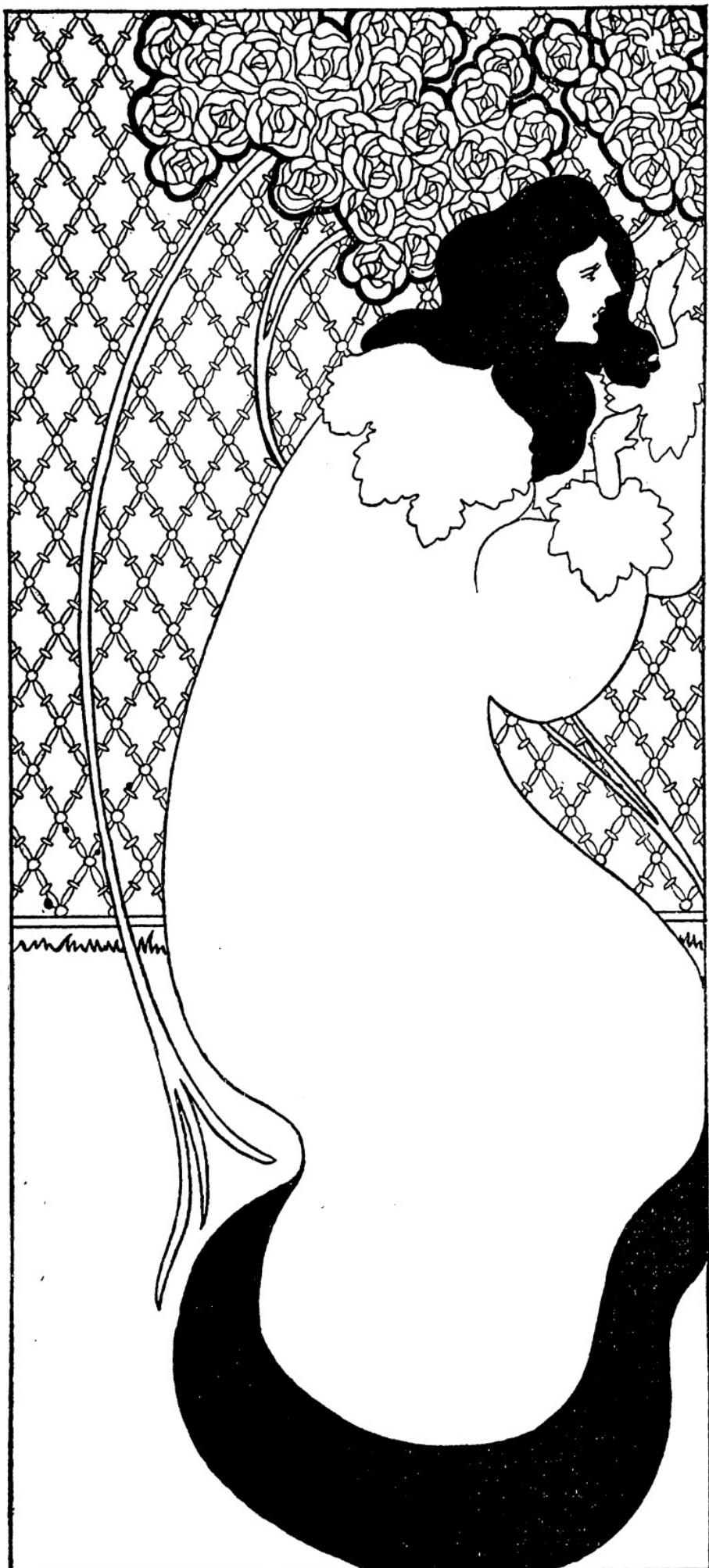
There was no pleasure so great to Pepys as to invite a company of people of consequence to dinner, "a brave, noble dinner," (the dishes being enumerated and commented on), and after it and "an infinite variety of wines served in my new silver cups, I up with them to my closet to view my engravings and paintings mighty fine."

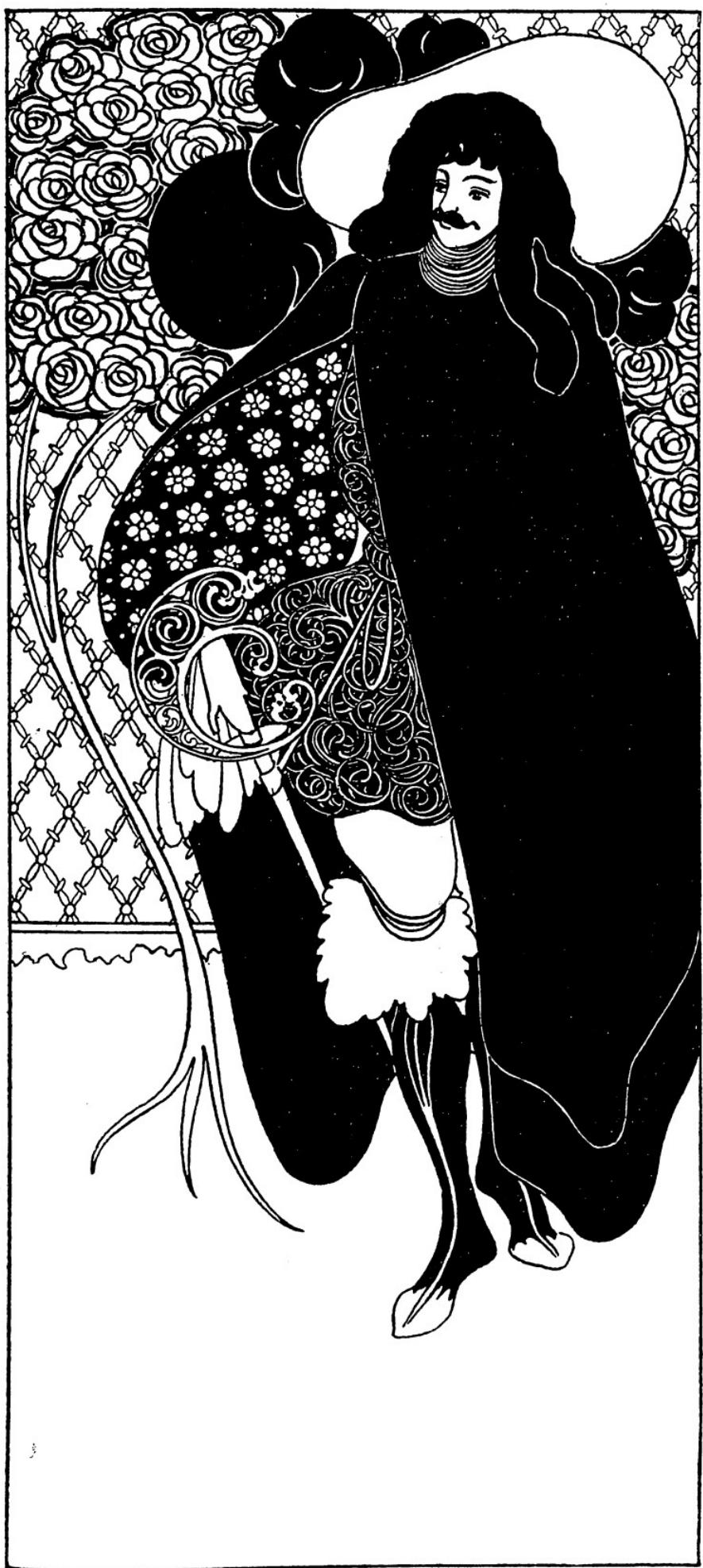
Pepys appetite for books was omnivorous and he must have had a large library for the time, for he bought everything that was talked of from the books of sermons "writ in Latin" to the latest "roguish" French romance, which he read without Mrs. Pepy's knowledge and afterward burned lest it should get in his collection to disgrace him.

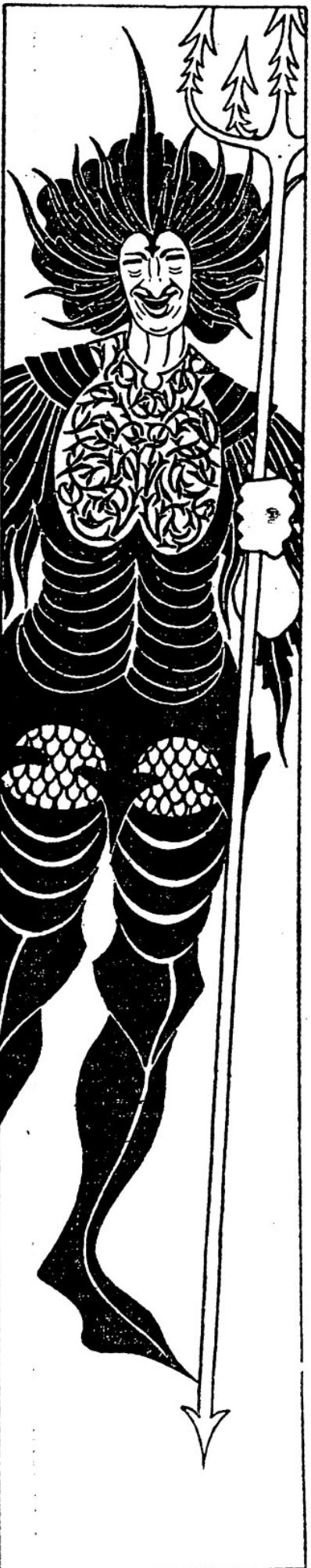
There were some books, it is true, that, however much admired, he could never bring himself to like. One of these was Hudibras, which "hearing it mightily cried up" he bought, but found silly, and gave it away, but still hearing it commended bought again, but could not relish. He highly approved Fox's Book of Martyrs, but would none of William Penn's works, which were no doubt painful to people of common sense. He makes an entry of how he "fell after supper to read a ridiculous, nonsensical book set out by Will Penn, for the Quakers; but so full of nothing but nonsense that I was ashamed to read of it." This was William Penn's first work entitled "Truth Exalted," etc. Pepys' strictures on this book would have been less severe could he have

Beauty loves Beast. Beast is released from enchantment and becomes a beautiful Prince.









imagined how great a man the author would shortly become. Fame was a powerful factor in winning Pepys' regard; nothing but the fact that the author was a man of rank would have made Pepys set out the tiresome play of "The Black Prince" by Lord Curley.

He made frequent calls on his bookseller, and usually to buy. One of these entries is specially interesting from the last item recorded. "Abroad, and to the New Exchange to the bookseller there when I hear of several new books coming out, Mr. Spratt's "History of the Royal Society," [which he bought in paper quires later], and Mrs. Phillips' Poems. Sir John Denham's are going to be printed all together. Cowley, the poet, he tells me, is dead; who, it seems, was a mighty civil, serious, man, which I did not know before." This is a curious comment on the slowness with which news was disseminated at that time. Pepys was one of the most inquisitive of men, always looking for news, and yet Abraham Cowley had died many days before and had been interred with great state, in Westminster Abbey and Pepys had not heard of it.

Among his constant purchases were all the new plays, ballads and books of songs, of which there is in his library, now preserved in Magdalene College, a particularly fine and complete collection.

Much as he cared to read, he loved a play far better, and never grudged the spending of money so little as when thus bestowed. Tragedy, comedy or farce, all was to his liking. If the play was dull, he had all the more time to gaze on pretty women. His comments are sometimes droll, as when he says of "Macbeth" "I saw it lately. It yet appears a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy, which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper true and suitable."

One is glad to hear this commendation, for generally speaking Pepys thinks but poorly of Shakespeare's plays, "Romeo and Juliet being but a silly thing," and the few then acted, among them "The Merry Wives of Windsor," little to his liking.

On the contrary, "The Feigned Innocence, or, Sir Martin Marr-all" a play of my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but, as everybody says, corrected by Dryden, is the most entire piece of mirth, a complete farce from one end to the other, that certainly ever was wrote." The next day after this mirth Pepys took his wife to see "Queen Elizabeth's Troubles and the History of Eighty-Eight," of which he says: "I confess I have sucked in so much of the sad story of Queen Elizabeth from my cradle, that I was ready to weep for her sometimes, but the play is the most ridiculous that I ever saw come upon the stage." The "Duchess of Malfy" he thought but a poor thing, but the "Adventures of Five Hours" he saw again and again, and found "The Silent Woman" "a brave play."

Pepys knew and liked well the principal actors of the day, Betterton, Clure, Lacy and Harris. Mrs. Knapp, of whom Mrs. Pepys was so jealous, Nell Gwynn, the Marshall sisters and Moll Davis,

Enter Maid, Sisters, Lovers, and Servant.—Great rejoicing. & Enter Devil.—He obtains possession of Key, throws off his disguise and calls up his Legion of Imps.—Darkness.—Flashes of lightning and claps of thunder.

who danced so well; he knew them all and loved to be in their company. In 1667, meeting with Tom Killigrew, then manager of a theatre, "he (Killigrew) and I to talk, how that the stage is now by his praises a thousand times better and more glorious than ever before. Now, wax candles and many of them; then, not above 3 lbs. of tallow; now, all things civil, no rudeness anywhere; then, as in a bear garden; then, two or three fiddlers; now, nine or ten of the best; then, nothing but rushes on the ground and everything else mean, and now all otherwise; then the Queen seldom and the King never would come; now, not the King only for state, but all civil people do think they may come as well as any. That he hath ever endeavored in the late King's time, and in this to introduce good music, but he never could do it, there never having been any good music better than ballads. Nay, says ' Hermit Poore ' and Chevy Chase was all the music we had; and yet no ordinary fiddlers got so mnch money as ours do here, which speaks our rudeness still."

What more of Mr. Pepys there is to be known, will be given in an additional volume, which will contain besides an elaborate index, some papers on matters connected with the Diary, also on the London of Pepys' time. Mr. H. B. Wheatley, to whose excellent editing is due the added interest with which this edition fills the reader, promises on some future occasion to give the public Pepys' letters, which are numerous and no doubt valuable, but we can hardly hope they will absorb the attention like the Diary.

Enter Good Fairy.—Touches Key with her wand.—Banishes Devil.—Grand transformation scene.—Love Triumphant.







And here endeth the play of
“BEAUTY AND
THE BEAST.”



When Love Goes Blindly By.

Words by Nixon Waterman.

Music by Edmund Severn.

When Love Goes Blindly By

words
Nixon Waterman.

music
Edmund Severn

Fragment from Original Manuscript.

WHEN LOVE GOES BLINDLY BY.

When love goes blindly by—ah, me!—

A heart that bids him stay,

The skies are sad, the winds are mad,

The fields are cold and gray:

And every voice that would rejoice

Is but a whispered sigh,

And all the earth is shorn of mirth

When Love goes blindly by.

And what to me is all the wealth

Of rarest gems and gold,

Since she I love, my life above,

Is strange of heart, and cold!

My palace fair, a dungeon bare;

Enchained in gloom I cry

Through grief's dark night, for hope and light,

While Love goes blindly by.

Far richer is the peasant who

Within his humble cot,

May from the cup of being sup

The bliss that finds me not.

In one true breast his dreams may rest

'Mid pleasures deep and high,

While all alone I make my moan

And Love goes blindly by.

The Masher is a Very Funny Thing.

Words by Nixon Waterman.

Music by Wells R. Hosmer.

The image shows a handwritten musical score for 'The Masher is a Very Funny Thing.' It consists of five staves of music. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It features a section labeled 'Chorus' with lyrics: 'O the masher is a very funny thing, He is fresher than the daisies of the spring; With his sighing and his lying, there is really no denying That the masher is a very funny thing.' The second staff begins with a bass clef and a tempo marking of 'Molto rit.' The third staff continues the chorus lyrics. The fourth staff starts with a treble clef and a tempo marking of 'Dance'. The fifth staff concludes the chorus section.

Fragment from Chorus. Original Manuscript.

THE MASHER IS A VERY FUNNY THING.

O the men are funny creatures, every type of form and features,
With as many variations of the mind;
But the sly and sporty dasher whom the people call a "masher"
Is the one I think the most peculiar kind.
Some with dress they think is clever and quite crushing will endeavor
To attract you, while they flash a diamond ring;
But you can't avoid a-thinking 'mid the winking and the blinking
That the masher is a very funny thing.

Chorus.

O the masher is a very funny thing,
He is fresher than the daisies of the spring;
With his sighing and his lying, there is really no denying
That the masher is a very funny thing.

Some will fearfully distress you as they study to impress you
With the grimaces they fancy may be smiles,
And although they're far from pretty, they awaken all your pity
As you watch them try to weave their cunning wiles.
Though they may be lean or fat or homely as a cow, no matter,
Each and every one imagines he's a king;
And you can't avoid a-thinking 'mid the winking and the blinking
That the masher is a very funny thing.